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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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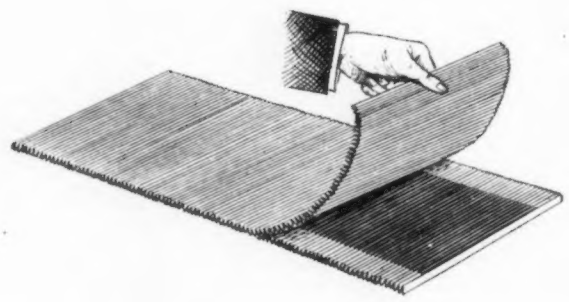

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Fashion Chat

ONLY pictures, and faithful portraitures at that, can proclaim the long drooping effect which is fashionable this season. In some sort and in certain details it is reminiscent of the early thirties, and yet there is a difference, great and pronounced. At the same time there is no possible shadow of doubt as to the tendency for soft falling perpendicular folds and draperies. Yet these suggestions are so subtle that they cannot be told in bare words and may be compared to atmosphere in a picture. It is the "altogether," and there is nothing more illusive and intangible.

A fascinating mode for trimming soft mousselines and kindred gauzy fabrics consists of small *bouillonnées* run through with ribbon, and is, moreover, a detail that recalls a past epoch. Lace *bouillonnées* are threaded in a similar manner. A flounced muslin gown adorned in this way surmounted by a black taffeta box coat is a fashionable alliance, but it requires all the elegance to carry it off successfully, as there is just the tiniest suspicion of dowdiness pervading the whole. And dowdiness, as we all know, is an insidious thing, fearfully apt to creep into our appearance under the most unlooked-for conditions.

The craze for decoration is carried to excess no doubt, but as a work of art it suggests the artist's facility for blending colors in the way different textures are made to harmonize. We see cretonne flowers worked in with black Chantilly, and cream guipure, lace appliqués and black velvet ribbon, with very interesting results. The application of one kind of lace on another is often done, and very effectively, too, if the designs are tastefully arranged. Fine guipure *motifs* on tambour lace form one combination, the *motifs* being lighter in tint than the lace. A clever assortment of tones produces very attractive results in this new mode of superposed decoration, but discriminating taste is very necessary for this kind of embroidery, in which so many variations are possible.

Louisine silk is a decidedly popular fabric for Summer gowns, and they are tucked without limit from the bust to the knees, where the lace flounce begins. Three half-inch tucks of the silk form a serviceable finish around the edge of the flounce. Lattice effects are still a popular mode of garniture.

Two handsome gowns have recently been made by one of the foremost houses in Vienna for Mrs. George Vanderbilt. Of these one has a Princess skirt of pale-gray *voile de laine*, closely fitting at the top, but flaring out into very full and graceful folds at the bottom. At intervals of about three inches the entire skirt is strapped lengthwise with bands of taffeta piped at each edge. The bolero is of figured silk, short in back and long in front, and is edged with handsome real lace; the fronts turn back in double revers piped with velvet and incrusted with lace, and a double jabot of mousseline de soie and lace completes the gown. Very novel are the sleeves, whose upper part consists of figured silk piped with velvet and terminates a few inches above the elbow; then comes a puff of mousseline de soie, another ruffle-shaped piece edged with lace, then again a mousseline puff and finally a long fitted cuff strapped with taffeta and edged with lace.

The second gown is of black taffeta souple and has a novel Princess skirt which is cut quite high at the sides and back, whereas the front is cut away as deep as the waist, allowing the bouffant blouse to droop over. Along the upper edge of the corselet as well as down either side of the front, simulating a panel, is a handsome design in drawnwork, which is repeated in a wider border around the bottom of the skirt. The blouse is of finely tucked black mousseline mounted on white mousseline and three bands of handsome Irish guipure run from a very narrow yoke to the waist. The blouse has a small yoke of white mousseline and pastel-blue taffeta Louisine. The bishop sleeves are tucked horizontally and just above the cuff is a handsome lace garniture with long Vandyck points turned upward. The cuff is very narrow, hardly more than a wristband, and is completed with a lace ruffle.

White in all its pure, creamy and white wine tints is to triumph this Summer, and very simple white gowns can be furnished with some distinction by a belt wide and pointed at the back, made of flat folds of mauve and blue panne.

Sashes, always a pretty addition to the simple gown, are evidently coming into vogue again, and the prettiest are made of chiffon in pale green. A dainty model in cream tinted batiste has an embroidery of ribbon and insertions of cluny lace running around the skirt above the lace flounces. The bodice is a lace bolero over a chiffon blouse, and a chiffon scarf is drawn through the bolero, and carried around the waist and tied with long ends at the back.

A popular fancy in the way of trimming on all kinds of materials is lacing wherever seams or edges can be effectively made to meet in this way. Wide belts are laced up each side, and sometimes the little boleros are laced together up the side seams. French knots, too, are quite as popular as ever, and they are used in the most lavish manner, dotted all over wide bands of material, which may be velvet, silk or linen. For example, on a beige colored Louisine there are rich bands of cream panne satin around the skirt, dotted all over with black silk French knots. We see them, too, in unexpected places, one of which is around the hips of a rose-colored linen gown, between bands of white embroidered insertion.

A rather unusual effect is gained by graduating them or rather putting them very close together on one edge of the space to be covered and spreading them toward the other. Another idea in trimming for thin gowns is sewing one row of narrow black velvet ribbon just underneath the edge of a lace frill. This is prettily illustrated on a pale blue mohair swiss gown trimmed around the skirt with five narrow frills of cream lace. The blouse waist is encircled by the same frills below a yoke of tucked silk mull and draped around the shoulders with a lace-edged small fichu.

Among the fancy blouse waists worn with the white cloth skirts is one which is a combination of lace and embroidered batiste, with a broad belt of white silk.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

(Described on page 15.)

A WILD WAGER.

By Ella Maclachlan.

"WOMEN are all alike;" and Dawes sighed contentedly as he settled his feet a little more comfortably on the high club fender.

"With the exception of the one who is different from all the rest," said Roderick Wilson, who was a bit of a cynic as well as a lady-killer.

"Never met her, my dear Roddy."

"I have—last night at the Farquhars' show—positively refused to let me kiss her."

"Impossible!" said Dicky Dawes, laughing.

"Assure you it's a fact," and Wilson gazed critically at his cigarette holder, on which was perilously perched a gay little ballet girl in blue enamel—"after dancing all the evening with me, too, and discussing Platonic friendship and kindred topics and generally giving an impression of exquisite coquetry, she turned and practically rent me for my presumption."

"It is very funny, but you couldn't have been diplomatic. These things require a little tact, old chap. Who's this very proper young person?"

"Miss Millie Connell."

"I know; little gray-eyed girl, what you might describe as 'goodly to look to' and very sporty, isn't she?"

"Well, I thought she would be anything but a Miss Podsnap."

"You didn't use the right shot, Roddy."

"I did, and it's the first time I have failed to bring down my bird with it."

"Then you shot too far ahead even for a driven bird. Now if it had been me, I'd have——" and Dicky paused and his blue eyes twinkled as he looked to see what effect this remark would have on his handsome comrade. It was pretty well known that this form of sport was not one that Dawes was keen on. The bait took—took rather better than he expected.

"You! Why, Dicky, you've no blandishments, you couldn't tell a girl you thought her lovely, if it wasn't your honest opinion, without exposing yourself as a bare-faced impostor. Besides, I flatter myself women like me and I understand them—they love to be understood! I'll bet you one hundred to one Millie Connell won't allow you to kiss her"—Wilson spoke with quiet assurance and ostentatiously blew large clouds of smoke from his lips.

Captain Dawes laughed (a little nervously), and hastened to remark that he never bet on certainties.

"You are fighting shy — fact is, you are afraid of losing."

"Afraid! I'll take your bet. How long do you give me to accomplish my fell purpose?"

"Till Saturday — to-day's Wednesday, you know her fairly well and can take what opportunities you like of seeing her."

"All right. The conceit must be taken out of you, my boy." Wilson smiled pleasantly. "You can come round to The Stuyvesant Bachelor Apartments Sunday morning and pay me."

"Certainly, if I lose—but that reminds me of what is much more important—we must win the match at Westbury on Saturday."

"Who do you play?"

"The 'West' team. They have been doing rather well this season, but I fancy we are better disciplined. Granton is our No. 1, Hurst '3' and young Rogers plays back—he is very good, too, although it's only his second season."

"And with you at No. 2 on your little bloodmare 'Contango'—why, you mean you will have things all your own way."

"Oh, no, it will be a close fight. 'Anaconda' isn't in very good condition, and my other pony hurt himself in the stable yesterday—you'll go down?"

"Of course, and I have promised Mulloden I'll dine there—you will be of the party? Shall I suggest he asks Mrs. Connell and the invulnerable Millie?"

"By all means—I wonder if either she or I will be feeling a little *gêné* by then?"

II.

The green coolness of Westbury was delicious after the heat and stuffiness of New York. The sun shone brilliantly and women wore their smartest frocks. Dainty muslins were trailed recklessly over the lawns and paths, and lovely Summer hats shaded some of the fairest faces.

Tea was being served at small tables on the terraces and lawns, and most people took the opportunity of getting it before the best match began.

Captain Dawes was lingering by the Connells' table before going to change.

He was an essentially smart-looking man of splendid physique. His honest blue eyes and cheery smile gained him many friends. Women liked him as an escort partly because he did not often favor them, and a good deal because his distinguished appearance always claimed attention.

"I suppose I must be off," he said, addressing Millie—"see you later."

"When you will be either flushed with victory or crushed with defeat," she laughingly called after him. He turned round and smiled at her, then hurried on.

The place was crowded. Mrs. Connell and Millie sat in front. It was evident from the beginning that the game was not to be a dull one.

Sitting with easy balance on his magnificent pony, Dawes at "No. 2" played with dash, and the hard hitting which is so indispensable in this position on the field, his wonderful command of the ball frequently compelling shouts of applause from the delighted onlookers. He had trained "Contango" himself and was well rewarded for all the time and patience expended on schooling her. She could turn on the proverbial sixpence, got her hind legs well under her, answered the slightest touch of knee or rein, and showed that perfect sympathy with her rider which is so often noticeable in a well-trained polo pony.

Play at the start was very even, but toward the end of the first period the "Wests" were pressing their opponents until Dawes got possession, and hitting well all round his pony and playing with great judgment he finally centered with a beautiful near side stroke to his "No. 3," who had no difficulty in scoring from an easy position, the "West" back, meanwhile, being well looked after by Granton, who was playing his usual unselfish game at "No. 1."

Give and take play was the order of the game during the second period, neither team being able to penetrate their opponent's defense.

The intense eagerness of the players and the fastness and keenness of the ponies as they warmed to their work made it a grand game to watch. Men and women alike gazed on the contest with rapt attention. The thud of the ponies' hoofs was like an accompaniment of muffled drums to the music of the band.

Millie Connell leant forward eagerly and never missed a point.

"Isn't it lovely, mother?"

"It is a pretty sight, but I am in constant dread of seeing a head split open or some other terrible accident—they seem so reckless with their sticks."

"Oh, no, it is just what they are not; by the rules of the game they have to be very careful how they use them. Doesn't Captain Dawes play in beautiful style? and his 'No. 3' plays up to him so cleverly."

"There they go! How ridiculous their shirts look flapping in the wind! I don't understand the game, as you know, Millie."

"A goal! A goal!" And Millie banged her parasol on the floor. The "Easts" had drawn level owing chiefly to some excellent work by Bobby Regent, who, playing for that team, had ended a good run by putting the ball through the posts. The pace had quickened and it was a question of every man on his best pony, and

RIBBON WAISTS.

(Described on page 15.)

from now on, the game waxed fast and furious, each side straining every nerve to secure the goal which would mean victory, and it looked as if neither side would gain the upper hand. But just a minute before "time" the "Wests" came away with an inevitable rush, and carrying all before them took the ball up the ground from mid-field; Granton taking a shot at goal from a difficult angle, the ball was traveling wide of the posts, but Dawes was there, and with a pretty stroke under his pony's neck scored what proved to be the winning point of the match —the ball striking the post and just rolling through the goal amid a scene of wildest excitement.

The "Wests" had displayed a higher degree of good combination and coolness than their opponents, and to this and to the magnificent play of Captain Dawes their victory could be attributed. Both teams came in for a tremendous ovation when the final bell rang and the ponies trotted off the ground with due pride, their nostrils distended and their sides heaving from their exertions, but some of them looking quite game to go on had they been called upon to do so.

III.

There was an air of *bonne camaraderie* and great good humor among the small party of friends that Mr. Mulloden had gathered about him that night at dinner. The room was redolent of roses. Beautiful Gloire-de-Dijons nodded proud heads from little glasses all round the table; quantities of perfumed petals were strewn over the cloth.

Captain Dawes sat next to Miss Connell. He thought he had never seen her look so pretty. Despite her apparent zest of life a little droop at the corner of her lips gave a pathetic expression to her face. Her big hat threw most becoming shadows into her beautiful gray eyes with their long black lashes.

Dicky talked about himself and found her wonderfully sympathetic. Wilson was the other side of her and generally refrained from spoiling sport. After dinner, when the party had moved outside for coffee, Dawes still contrived to be near her. The crowd disported itself gaily. The dinner had been good, the champagne better, and the Blue Hungarians played with exquisite pathos. Gradually the hilarity subsided. The laughs were fewer and farther between. Badinage was giving place to more serious conversation befitting the sentiment of a Summer's evening. A few couples detaching themselves from the several groups wandered away over the lawns. Dawes' eyes followed a pair of seceders from their own party, then turned to Millie.

"Do you ever suddenly become conscious that the presence of your fellow-creatures has become irksome?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I do now, and want you to come for a little stroll—will you?"

"But I am a fellow-creature."

"Oh! no, you are a—woman friend."

"Are they not both one?"

"Never. Do come, Miss Connell. Let us go down to the lake. It will be cool there."

The girl smiled but rose, and they, too, with somewhat exaggerated indifference on Dawes' part, walked into the outer darkness.

"It's awfully nice of you to let me talk so much about myself and the game this afternoon," Dicky said quietly.

"I like it. I love watching polo and anything to do with horses."

"But the 'ego' in man is very persistent when he rides his favorite hobby. Now I want to talk about you." They had reached the lake and stood by the side close to the ferry. A couple had just pulled themselves over. A white frock could be seen moving through the trees. Millie laughed. "But I never allow personalities."

"I wasn't going to pay you compliments."

"Evidently not."

"But seriously, Miss Connell, tell me about yourself. What do you do all day? It must be so slow for a girl, because she can't go in for all sports."

"Oh, you men! sport is the beginning, and end, and all of life, isn't it?"

"Certainly, it is the supreme interest of life—and for women, too. Show me a woman, even if she has no aspirations, to kill a salmon, who doesn't like to play with men, for instance—torture them, too, sometimes. It all arises from the desire to excel and surpass others."

"I fear a good deal of sport arises from the desire to kill."

"Well, perhaps it does; but I fancy it is also an excuse to display one's prowess."

"And win."

"Men don't think so much about winning as women do."

"It depends on the prize."

"We received no prize for winning this afternoon. Don't you think we deserve one?"

"Being a woman, of course I do; but you say a good sportsman requires no reward."

"But your opinion is better than mine."

"You promised not to flatter me, Captain Dawes."

"I assure you I am not flattering you, Miss Connell," and Dicky's blue eyes looked honestly enough into the girl's face. He had not yet won his bet, and this evening was his last chance. He was swayed with conflicting feelings. He liked the girl too much to regard with equanimity the possibility of annoying her. On the other hand, manlike, he was loth to let his bet go by default. And after all, what was a kiss?—a mere nothing; and it would be such a great score to eclipse the irresistible Roddy. It was a wild wager, and one which he would not have entered upon had he not been rather piqued into it. But now he was determined to see it through.

"Very well, then. I think each player should receive a handsome silver cup, and you a gold one for doing so much for your side. Does my generosity of thought satisfy you?"

"No. Mere dross," and Dawes leant forward, impelling the girl to look at him. They had found two chairs under the trees and were seated there. "Miss Connell, I want a prize. I'll give up all my pretensions to being a sportsman if you will reward me for winning."

Millie drew back slightly embarrassed by his ardor.

"You are somewhat enigmatical, not to say inconsistent, Captain Dawes. I have no gold or silver cups concealed about my person."

"I don't want any, thanks, I am much more ambitious."

"Then lay your ambition before the committee."

"But they can't give me what I want."

"It is a mistake to sigh for the moon."

"And worse to be struck by it, eh?"

"Even greater folly."

"But one may be the sport of fate," persisted Dawes.

"I agree with you there—I am a fatalist."

"Then let us shake hands on it, Miss Connell," and Captain Dawes held out his hand with such natural expectation for her to take it that she could hardly refuse. His big hand clasped her warm little white one, and he held it firmly.

"Please," and Millie pulled her hand to release it, "and—I think it is time we joined the others."

"Oh, no, don't go yet," pleaded Dicky, "it is so jolly here—and I want to talk to you a lot more—it is quite early—and—and—won't you give me my prize?"

Millie tried to laugh, but said coldly:

"What is it you want?"

"I am half afraid to say—I want—you to let me kiss you."

The girl sprang to her feet pale and angry.

"What is there about me that makes men think they can say this sort of thing to me? Somehow I fancied—that you were—different, and that I could trust you, Captain Dawes."

Her voice broke, but she tried hard to control it.

Dicky had the kindest heart in the world. He was genuinely distressed.

"Miss Connell—Millie—forgive me! I beg your pardon a thousand times. Of course, I am wrong, all wrong, but, honestly, you can trust me—will you trust me?"

Before he had realized it, he was making real, honest love to the little gray-eyed girl. "I wanted to kiss you because I love you." She shook her head and Dawes waxed the more earnest. "I love you." And he caught her hand, but didn't attempt to kiss her, "I want you to be my wife. I'll make you as good a husband as I know how."

Millie had regained her composure. She looked at him incredulously, but she did not withdraw her hand.

"Since when have you loved me?"

"Since—since this evening," Dawes replied with perfect candor. "I have always liked you, as you must have known, and now I love you—with all my soul, Millie—and, dearest little girl, say you'll take me 'for better or for worse.'"

Millie Connell felt wildly happy, but strove to hide it so successfully that she answered quite calmly, "I must have a little time to think about it. I don't think I am enough in love with you."

TRAVELING COATS.

(Described on page 15.)

"But you will be, you shall be, I'll do anything in the world to please you—and—I'll teach you to play polo."

Millie was blessed with a certain sense of humor, and laughed outright. "But only to-night at dinner you were condemning in strong language the new ladies' polo club and declaring that women could never play—why this extraordinary change of front?"

"I have changed my mind about everything, because—I love you so—and may I not kiss you now?" he whispered as he strove to draw her closer.

A low, happy laugh was her response.

"Then I am all right! I am the happiest chap in the world!"

"Why? I have not given you my answer."

"But you will now, will you not?" he said in pleading, tender tones, and she, suddenly turning, held out her arms to him with longing, passionate love and a gesture of sweetest surrender.

* * * * * * *

When they returned to the others, their radiant faces told the news without any further explanation and Wilson at the first glance knew that he had not alone lost his bet, but also the girl he esteemed and cherished above all others, the first who had won his entire respect just because she had kept him at a distance. This was a new experience to him, jaded as he was by the numerous women who had thrown their kisses and themselves into his arms at the slightest encouragement on his part. He did not know that several of his little love affairs had been repeated to Miss Connell by another, a woman jealous of his many attentions to the bright girl, who, in her eagerness to fully and entirely keep apart two people of an almost ideal intellectual sympathy, did not hesitate to cast a moral slight on herself in alluding to her intercouse with Wilson, knowing, with fine womanly instinct and intuition that Miss Connell's mind was pure and far above her own sordid and narrow one, and that she was far too proud to encroach on the rights of others, even if these rights were not legal ones, but the kind in vogue among the *"Leichte Cavallerie"* of the *demi monde.*

A TENNIS DINNER.

Courts, Nets, Racquets and Appropriate Inscriptions.

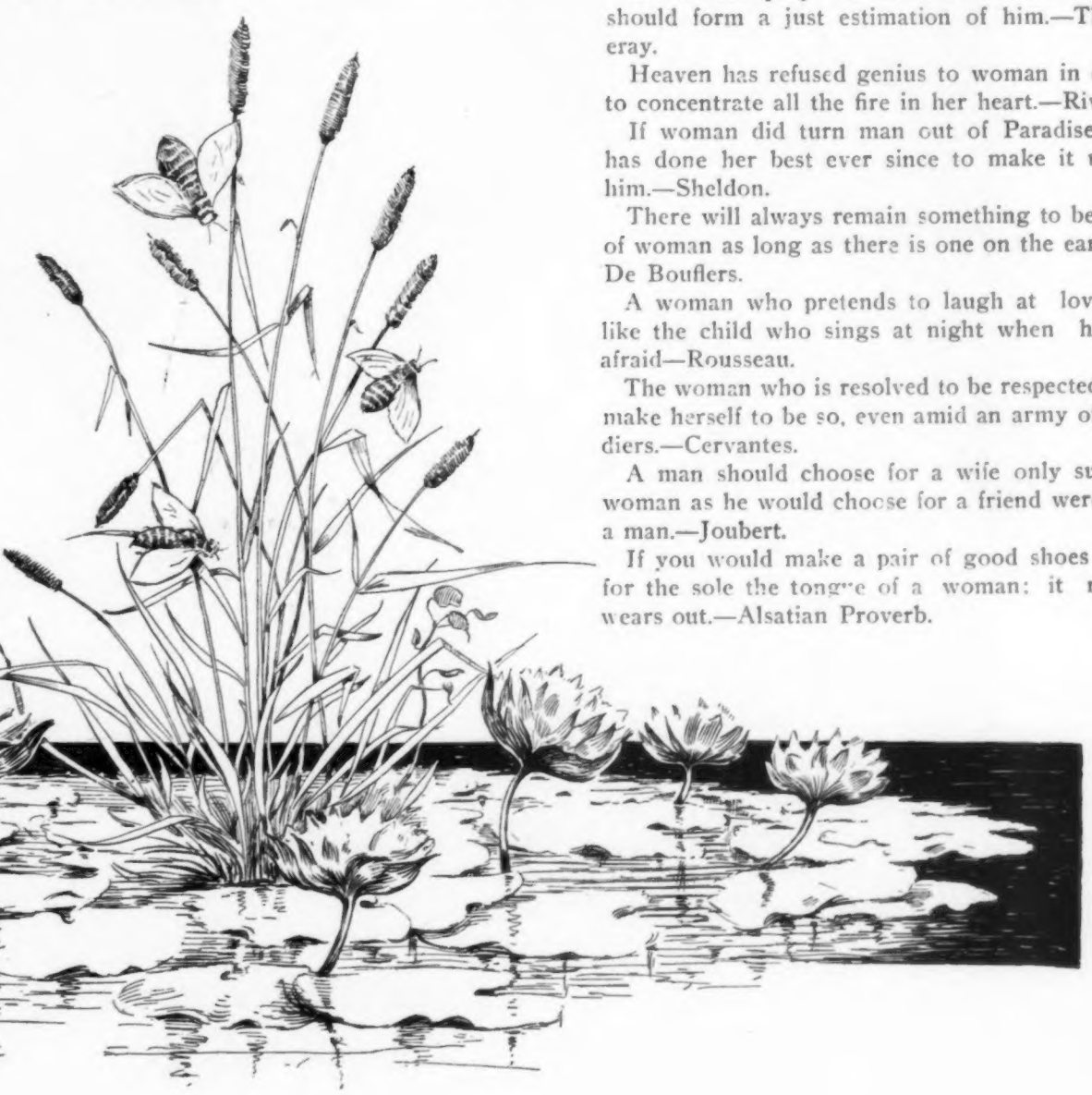
A clever woman who invited her tennis club to dinner one day last week astonished all the members by her unique decorations. The table represented a tennis court, the lines being indicated by red ribbons pinned on the cloth. Across the center a white silk net was stretched, fastened by white silk cords to little poles of polished walnut.

The menu cards were ornamented with tennis designs, and the guests' cards all bore some appropriate inscription. There was "Love All, Vantage All," for the champion, and "Wrong Court" for a young lawyer whose tennis achievements were more remarkable than his legal victories.

ADVICE FROM MAX O'RELL.

Young men who may be about to marry are given advice by Mr. Max O'Rell. Mr. O'Rell has discovered only two countries where men are in leading strings—his own and the United States. Of the women of both lands he discoursed with enthusiasm. The French wife, he said, is her husband's friend, confidante and business partner. To this circumstance is due, in his judgment, the fact that France is to-day the richest country in the world—richest, that is, in evenly distributed wealth, 72 per cent. of the population outside Paris owning their own homes. He went on to affirm that French women are supreme in the politics of matrimony. She knows it is a question of remaining not beautiful but interesting; hence her little bustling ways and her varied manner of doing her hair. In England marriage is looked upon as the end of love-making, but in France, after marrying your wife, you had to win her—a process very pleasant. If so many kisses were not indulged in before marriage in England there would be more afterward. In France not more than one man in every 500 belonged to a club. As for women's clubs—ugh! Having seen the way the poor American millionaires lived (they being too tired on Sundays to tell their children stories), the advice he felt compelled to give everybody was: "Live well, and live as long as you can. You will never have another chance." Beads of perspiration on the Yankee's brow crystallized into diamonds on the necks of his women folk.

American girls Mr. Max O'Rell praised without stint. The animation of their features, the brilliancy of their conversation, their freedom from affectation, the picturesqueness of their language—oh, they were glorius and unique. The American girl of seventeen or eighteen was allowed almost every liberty, and she took the others. Europe was surprised that she had a latchkey and stayed out late with young men. Dear old Europe—dear old museum! The most vulgar American man could, in the matter of how to behave to women, teach a lesson to the men of the Old World—even to Frenchmen. His compatriots, in that matter, were living too much on the reputation of their ancestors. A Frenchman, when he made way for a lady, looked at her; an American, in similar circumstances, lowered his eyes. The former sighted the miss; the latter missed the sight. In conclusion Mr. Max O'Rell enthusiastically remarked that if he could be born anew, selecting his sex and country, he would say, "Please make me an American woman."



WOMEN AND THE WITS.

Love decreases when it ceases to increase.—Chateubriand.

If women were humbler men would be honester.—Vanbrugh.

A woman's hopes are woven as sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.—George Eliot.

Love is a bird that sings in the heart of a woman.—Karr.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.—George Eliot.

A short absence quickens love, a long absence kills it.—Mirabeau.

Coquetry is the desire to please, without the want of love.—Rochepedre.

Men never are consoled for their first love, nor women for their last.—Weiss.

Women especially are to be talked to as below men and above children.—Chesterfield.

When we speed to the devil's house, woman takes the lead by a thousand steps.—Goethe.

It is born in maidens that they should wish to please everything that has eyes.—Gleim.

There are people who are almost in love, almost famous and almost happy.—De Krudener.

The two pleasantest days of a woman are her marriage day and the day of her funeral.—Hipponax.

Let a man pray that none of his womankind should form a just estimation of him.—Thackeray.

Heaven has refused genius to woman in order to concentrate all the fire in her heart.—Rivarol.

If woman did turn man out of Paradise, she has done her best ever since to make it up to him.—Sheldon.

There will always remain something to be said of woman as long as there is one on the earth.—De Boufflers.

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid—Rousseau.

The woman who is resolved to be respected can make herself to be so, even amid an army of soldiers.—Cervantes.

A man should choose for a wife only such a woman as he would choose for a friend were she a man.—Joubert.

If you would make a pair of good shoes take for the sole the tongue of a woman: it never wears out.—Alsatian Proverb.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

(Described on page 15.)

DAINTY WRAPPERS.

(Described on page 15.)

ATTRACTIVE SUMMER TAILOR-MADES.

(Described on page 15.)

TUCKED TAFFETA GOWNS.

(Described on page 15.)

SOIRÉE GOWNS.

(Described on page 15.)

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 75.—Shirt waist suit of figured lawn. Vest of white tucked lawn. Embroidery revers. Skirt with flounce headed with puffing of lawn. Pattern, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 76.—Shirt waist suit of figured piqué. Yoke and sleeves of allover embroidery. Flounce skirt trimmed with two rows of insertion. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 77.—Shirt waist suit of flowered lawn. Waist tucked in yoke effect. Lace vest. Skirt tucked in clusters. Flounce headed with lace insertion. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 78.—Shirt waist suit of flowered lawn. Yoke and sleeves of lace or embroidery. Waist tucked in clusters. Flounce skirt. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

RIBBON WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 111.—Waist of allover lace trimmed with pale pink satin ribbon. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 112.—Waist of cream allover lace trimmed with bands of ribbon of graduated length. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 113.—Waist of allover lace trimmed with ribbon. Vest of tucked silk muslin. Lace collar threaded with ribbon. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 114.—Waist of allover lace trimmed with ribbon and small enameled buckles. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

TRAVELING COATS.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. E.—Traveling coat suitable for mohair, linen or taffeta. Double cape collar edged with contrasting color. Stitching. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. F.—Traveling coat suitable for mohair, linen or taffeta. Inverted plaits. Yoke. Collar, revers and sleeve garniture of contrasting color. Russian back. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 151.—Shirt waist suit of old rose chambray. Waist tucked in clusters. Collar of embroidery insertion and tucked bands. Flounce skirt trimmed with band of embroidery and tucks. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 152.—Shirt waist suit of blue and white foulard. Waist shirred at shoulders. Vest trimmed with lace insertion. Lace stock collar. Skirt shirred at hips. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DAINTY WRAPPERS.

(Illustrated on page 11.)

Fig. 143.—Wrapper of pink China silk trimmed with lace insertion and black satin or taffeta ribbon. Bolero threaded with ribbon, also lace collar. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 144.—Wrapper of white lawn. Tucked chemisette. Lace collar edged with ruffle. Taffeta bow and belt. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 145.—Wrapper of lawn or silk. Yoke trimmed with lace insertion threaded with satin ribbon. Satin berthe, lace ruffle. Skirt ornamented with lace insertion. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 146.—Wrapper, chambray or silk gingham. Collar of contrasting color edged with a ruffle. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

ATTRACTIVE SUMMER TAILOR MADES.

(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 259.—Tailor made of Summer cloth. Eton edged with Persian embroidery. Fancy braid. Moiré facing. Panel skirt ornamented with Persian embroidery. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 260.—Tailor made of Summer cloth. Eton with tab fronts. Belt effect and straps of Persian embroidery. Aiglon buttons. Flounce skirt, panel front. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 261.—Tailor made of Summer cloth. Eton trimmed with stitched bands, soutache and buttons. Panel skirt. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

TUCKED TAFFETA GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 13.)

Fig. 262.—Gown of black taffeta. Tucked Eton edged with stitched band. Collar with Persian embroidery. Skirt of bias tucks. Plain panel front, tucked flounce. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 extra.

Fig. 263.—Gown of black taffeta. Eton and skirt trimmed with bands of Persian embroidery. Plain panel front and flounce. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 extra.

Fig. 264.—Taffeta suit. Tucked Eton. Extension vest pieces of contrasting color. Persian embroidery. Skirt plaited at hips. Tucked flounce. Plain panel front. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SOIRÉE GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. C.—Gown of nile green Louisine. Décolleté waist trimmed with satin ribbon. Skirt with five flounces in back, each edged with lace insertion. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. D.—Gown of black point d'esprit. Décolleté corsage trimmed with lengthwise bands of black velvet ribbon and chiffon rosettes. Skirt trimmed with point d'esprit flounces banded with velvet ribbon. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. E.—Gown of white and gold brocade. Revers and berthe of plain satin. Short sleeves completed with point d'esprit puffs. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BATHING SUITS.

(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 59.—Girls' bathing suit of scarlet mohair. Waist tucked in front, box plaited back. Turned down collar and skirt edged with bands of contrasting color. Pattern, in sizes 5 and 12 years, 20 cents each. Other, sizes, medium, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 60.—Ladies' bathing suit of black mohair. Revers-collar of white trimmed with scarlet braid. Bands of white on skirt. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt and bloomers, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 61.—Ladies' bathing suit. Tucked plastron. Double shawl collar. Pattern in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure, 20 cents each.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(Illustrated on pages 18 and 19.)

Fig. 492.—Dress of white lawn. Tucked yoke, berthe trimmed with lace. Skirt trimmed with lace insertion and ruffle. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 493.—Frock of pale pink lawn. Yoke of lace insertion and tucks edged with ruffle. Sleeves, waist and skirt trimmed with lace insertion threaded with velvet ribbon. Sash of black taffeta. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 494. Frock of pale blue batiste. Yoke of embroidery insertion and tucks bordered with ruffles. Waist and skirt trimmed with embroidery, tucks and ruffles. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 495.—Frock of white lawn mounted on a tucked yoke and trimmed with lace insertion, lace ruffles and tucks. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 496.—Frock of scarlet lawn. Tucked yoke. Embroidery insertion threaded with black velvet ribbon. Skirt tucked at top. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 497.—Frock of old rose gingham. Embroidery yoke. Ribbon lacing. Skirt trimmed with insertion. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 498x.—Frock of white Louisine. Lace yoke. Pink satin ribbon. Skirt tucked in clusters. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

GIRLS' SUMMER FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. 498.—Frock of striped gingham. Tucked yoke. Berthe edged with embroidery. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 499.—Frock of old rose chambray. Blouse tucked at shoulders. Tucked vest. Fancy black braid. Similar garniture on skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 500.—Frock of plaid batiste. Front of waist and skirt of plain material. Pattern, frock, 75 cents extra. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 501.—Frock of striped chambray. Blouse waist. Band of plain material trimmed with buttons. Pattern, frock, 75 cets. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

ATTRACTIVE DRESSES FOR MISSES AND CHILDREN.

(Illustrated on page 22.)

Fig. 502.—Dress of white linen. Blouse tucked in clusters. Collar of China blue linen strapped with white. Velvet ribbon lacing. Skirt tucked at either side of front. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 503.—Dress of porcelain blue chambray. Bolero trimmed with dark blue straps. Sailor collar. Skirt trimmed to match. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 504.—Frock of dotted white and blue foulard. Sailor collar and front of waist trimmed with blue satin ribbon. Plaited skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 505.—Frock of plaid mercerized gingham. Blouse opens over vest of contrasting color. Sailor collar. White piqué revers edged with embroidery. Insertion. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BATHING SUITS.

(Described on page 15.)

BUMPS AND BRUISES.

FEW children escape certain unfortunate consequences of their incessant activity. The child who has never been cut, bruised, or burned has probably not led the happiest nor most healthful life.

The pliable bones, the highly vitalized tissues, enable the little ones to withstand an astonishing amount of violence. On two occasions has the writer seen picked from the bricks, where it had fallen from the third story of the fronting house, a soft, plump, round baby, as bruisable apparently as a ripe peach, yet showing no symptom nor sign of serious injury. On the other hand, a careless nurse swings the little one by its wrist or thoughtlessly twists its arm in putting on or taking off a too tight garment, and there is a sprained joint or broken bone.

What Is a Bruise?—The most frequent injury of childlife is the bruise. This should receive prompt attention, particularly if on the head or in the neighborhood of the larger joints. The bruise gives pain, because the nerves have been squeezed. It causes swelling, because the delicate blood vessels in and beneath the skin have been injured and are pouring their contents into the tissues. There is discoloration, because the blood which has leaked from the vessels must undergo certain changes before it can be absorbed.

The ends to be obtained by treatment are clear: to subdue the pain, prevent or diminish the swelling, and hasten absorption of the materials which have already leaked from the vessels. To subdue the pain and lessen or prevent the swelling, hot applications are most efficient. If not obtainable, cold applications may be used with as nearly good effect.

Treatment By Heat.—To make hot applications, heat a pint of olive oil as hot as it can be borne by the hand (hot water may be used in place of oil). Provide two pieces of flannel which, when folded several times, will be large enough to overlap the whole bruised area. Place them in the hot oil, wring one out, and quickly apply it to the bruise. In one minute replace it by the second cloth, putting the first cloth back in the hot liquid. The oil (or water) must be kept hot. Continue changing the cloths as described for thirty minutes. After this time, by means of strips of linen or a flannel bandage or a soft handkerchief bound about the part, make gentle pressure over the seat of injury. In twenty-four hours remove this binding, lubricate the hand with oil or vaseline, and rub the injured part for ten minutes as vigorously as can be borne without pain. Repeat this rubbing twice a day till the effects of the bruise have all disappeared.

Heat not only actively constricts blood vessels, thus preventing any further leakage, but causes the very rapid absorption of the liquid material that has already escaped. Rubbing increases the circulation and nutrition of the injured part, thus hastening the absorption of the solid material that has passed from the blood vessels and favoring the speedy return of the part to its normal condition.

Cold-Water Treatment.—If hot oil or water cannot be obtained, cold water may be used, the cloths being changed precisely as described when using hot applications. If heat be used the liquid must be kept hot. If cold be used the water must be kept cold. The writer does not recommend the various lotions, such as lead-water, arnica, or laudanum, because they are not so efficient as the means above described. They are all deadly poisons, hence, among children, possible sources of great danger.

Precautions.—After a bumped head the child may be stunned for a moment, may shortly vomit, and subsequently become heavy and drowsy. This is more serious than a simple bruise, and should be seen by the doctor. Till his arrival it should be borne in mind that this drowsiness is Nature's call for rest, and that the vomiting is in itself a favorable sign. The child must be kept in perfect quiet and be encouraged to sleep, and must on no account be given stimulants. On the doctor's arrival he will then find a case uncomplicated by the unwise treatment of parents or friends.—*Babyhood.*

EAR DISEASES IN INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

The statistics which show an infant mortality of from 20 to 25 per cent. before the end of the first year of life are a woeful and terrible comment on the ignorance or carelessness of some one, be it parent, family physician, modern circumstances or environment. Wherever the blame belongs it must soon be known, and a remedy applied which will stop such a sacrifice of human life. Such a record does not comport with modern achievement and advancement, and cannot long be tolerated as one of the failures of medicine. In this percentage there is a large, too large, ratio of ear conditions presented as a casual or complicating element in the cause of death.

In many localities a discharge from the baby's ear is looked on as about of the same importance as the eruption of the teeth. It is not unusual to see cases of ear discharge which have been so long neglected by parents that their very odor drives them to seek relief. Too many deaf victims are thus deformed because of this neglect for the aching or "running" ear of childhood; nor is the fault always with the parent. Too often indeed the attention of the family physician has been called to the condition only to be told by him that it is not a serious matter; "the use of a little warm water will soon cure it."

Fortunately, however, it is fast becoming a matter of general recognition that these little patients with suppurating ears live constantly under the perilous possibilities of Damoclean swords. We have come to know and realize that when a child complains bitterly of earache it should be put to bed and given a good cathartic, with a hot foot bath; we know that middle-ear trouble is usually more severe in children than in adults, both because of the weaker resisting powers of the tissues and because of the axiomatic fact that in children the reflexes are more prominent and frequent than in adult life, and with this knowledge we may be able to realize why our diagnoses in these cases are inversely important as they are difficult to make.—Dr. Coulter, *Journ. Am. Med. Assoc.*

HEALTH IN THE NURSERY.

A great deal depends on the care of the baby's teeth, particularly during the trying period of dentition. Much can be done at this time to ameliorate the infant's sufferings, and to lay the foundation for a good set of teeth in after life. A teething baby should have at least two warm baths a day, and its clothing should be arranged in the most comfortable fashion possible. A warm bath at the close of the evening meal will often cure sleeplessness and compose a nervous, fidgety child for the night. The mouth and gums should be washed morning and evening. Buy a tiny, soft toothbrush and clean them every day with the borax solution.

There is probably no sickness that a mother so dreads for her children as an attack of croup. If a child has a croupy cough at night apply a cold compress when putting it to bed. To do this, wet a small towel or napkin in cold water, squeezing it out enough to prevent dripping, and wrap it at once about the child's throat. Cover it well with a piece of flannel, folded several times, and fasten securely with a safety pin. This will often prevent a hoarse cough from developing into croup. If, however, the child wakens with croup wrap the little one at once in a woolen blanket, and put its feet into water as hot as it can bear. Put hot compresses around the throat, changing them rapidly, so that they will not grow cold, and have a hot one ready to put on the instant the other is removed. Most cases will yield to this treatment.

THE BABY'S MOUTH.

Baby's mouth should be washed every morning with tepid water in which a pinch of borax is dissolved. This simple lotion keeps the mouth fresh and sweet and prevents the uncomfortable affliction, a sore mouth, with which so many babies are troubled.

Enlargement of the tonsils is a common affection among children. To reduce the chronic inflammation the tonsils are frequently painted with glycerole of tannin, a mixture of one dram of tannic acid to one fluid ounce of glycerine. In some cases the surgeon advises the removal of the glands.

HIS LINE OF REASONING.

A naughty boy one day evaded punishment by creeping under the bed where his mother could not reach him. Shortly after his father came, and, when told of the state of affairs, crawled on his hands and knees in search of his son and heir, when, to his astonishment, he was asked: "Is she after you, too, father?"

A SURE SIGN.

"Ellen, has George come home from school yet?" called Mrs. Snaggs to her servant.

"Yes, ma'am," came back the answer.

"Where is he?"

"I haven't seen him."

"How do you know, then, that he is at home?"

"Because the cat's a-hidin' under the dresser."

You can always get a woman mixed up in an argument by using some word that she doesn't know the meaning of.

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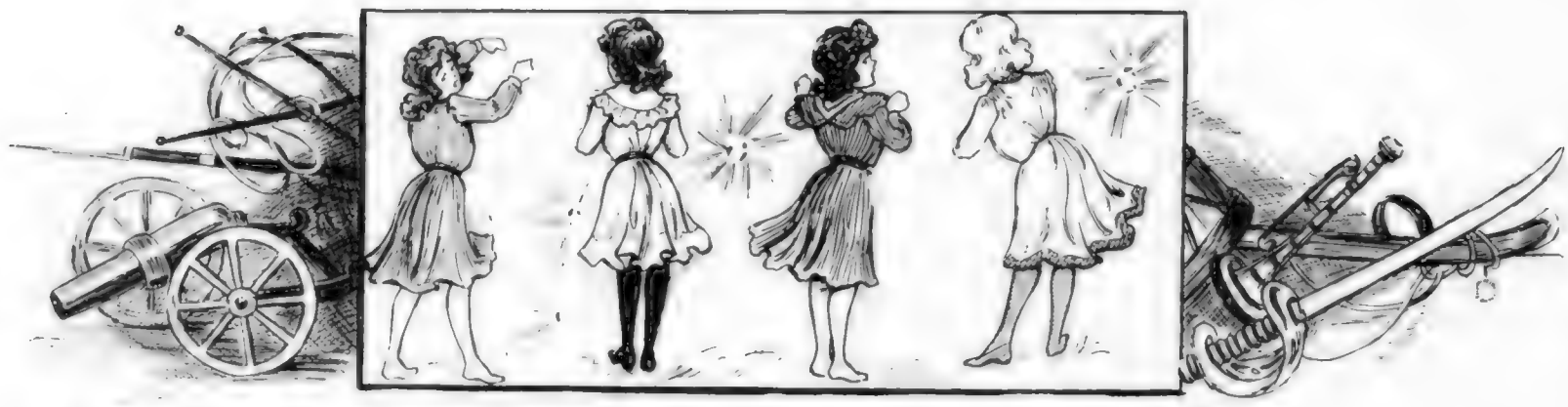
...L REVIEW

...HREN'S DRESSES

Described on page 15.



HER FIRST MARKETING.

SHE was a bride. The housekeeping had just begun, and she was determined to have everything of the very best—the marketing especially. When Saturday arrived she armed herself with a small basket and a list of things and sallied forth to the market house. The first thing on the list was "A small piece of beef for Sunday's dinner," and about that particular item she was going to be very, very particular indeed.

"I would like a small two rib roast, of the very best," she said to the butcher, who promptly produced one from a shelf and placed it upon the scales.

"Seven pounds," he said. "Seven pounds; that is pretty large, isn't it?" she asked appealingly. "I am going to have three guests for dinner. Do you think five people could eat all that?" Just as the man was getting together a reply that would do, she asked, "Are you sure it's good? There are two things that I am very particular about, and they are good coffee and good meat."

"It's the finest roast I have in the store, madam," he answered a trifle warmly, as well he might.

"Well, if you are sure it's good, I think I'll take it. How long ago was it killed?"

"We have had it in the store five days. How long before that it was killed I don't know. You see yourself it's a good ripe piece of meat," he said.

At that she concluded to take it, after taking a long searching look at the man, the much discussed roast getting apparently very little attention in the ordinary way.

Next she turned her attention to getting something for breakfast, and decided on sausages. Just as the man was politely putting them in her basket she remarked, "You're sure they are good, are you?" And whether he wanted to say something rude or to laugh, I could not tell.

FLATTERY FROM THE MIRROR.

Does your mirror do you justice? You may think not. Or, perhaps you would like it to flatter you just a little. If so, you can arrange it so the glass will reflect in a more complimentary manner than usual. If you do, you only have to know the milliner's oldest secret, and the thing is done.

Did you ever notice the softest drapery of pure white hung about a mirror? That is the trick. After your mirror of faultless glass is thoroughly polished, frame it in pure white gauze, with the material gathered in the center at the top and falling wavelike on either side. Then notice the effect. The true tints of the complexion will be there—a little emphasized. The expression of the countenance, the light of the eye, the color of the hair will be accurately reflected, all softened and made more harmonious than your mirror showed them before the gauze was used. You may believe that that subtle bit of white material makes the glass tell nearer the truth than it did without it.

BRIGHT FLASHES.

The rooster makes two-thirds of the noise, but the hen does all the work.

The average woman will forgive her rival anything but her beauty.

If a girl has two strings to her beau there is danger of some other girl getting hold of one of the strings.

The early bird catches the worm—and later in the day the leisurely sportsman gathers in the bird.

The average man can hear the whisper of a pretty woman further than he can the loudest call of duty.

GIRLS' SUMMER FROCKS.

(Described on page 15.)

Correspondence

FOR the interest and benefit of our readers we will devote such space as may be found necessary to questions and answers appertaining to *Dress, Dressmaking, Millinery, the Toilet, Toilet Articles and Society Customs.*

SPECIAL NOTICE: Our readers are requested to send us suggestions or requests for fancy work that they would like illustrated and explained. All requests will receive attention as promptly as possible in our correspondence columns, and if sketches are sent us, drawings will be made and illustrated.

GENERAL RULES.—The following rules must be complied with by correspondents, otherwise their letters cannot be attended to:

1st.—Questions upon different subjects to be written on separate sheets of paper; write plainly and on one side of sheet.

2d.—All letters must give name and address of the writer, *not for publication*, as we use the nom de plume or name you wishus to print with the answer to your questions. (Do not forget to write this under question.)

3d.—Questions relating to dress should give personal description as to age, height, blonde, or brunette.

4th.—Answers cannot be sent by mail unless return postage is enclosed.

Inquirer.—To remove the shine from black cloth sponge carefully with ammonia. If the shine is very bad boil a decoction of logwood and sponge with that. You can buy logwood at any drug store and it costs only a few cents.

Miss Nellie G.—Nothing is so good as the continuous use of the camel's-hair face scrubbing brush. Try this formula for obstinate blackheads: Tincture of green soap, 1½ ounces; distilled witch hazel, 1½ ounces. Apply to the skin and wash it off immediately with hot water.

Mrs. Geo. M.—You can remove grass stains by soaking them with alcohol before the material is washed. If they are treated with alcohol before they dry they will disappear almost at once.

Rose.—There is no formula of words laid down to be used on such occasions; when you meet people for the first time, you merely reply with a few words of thanks, and smile in speaking to them, as if you were pleased, and appreciated their kind words. An invitation to a book-tea means that each of the guests is expected to wear a pictured device, intended to illustrate the title of some book—as, for instance, if you were to choose Wilkie Collins' book, "Man and Wife," you would have drawn on a card the picture of a lady dressed as a bride, holding the arm of a man, and this card you would wear as a man wears his medal. Each of the guests wears some device of this sort, and on arrival is given a card upon which he or she puts down the names of the books the others are wearing, and the one who guesses most of them correctly gains a prize. Sometimes a prize is given also for the cleverest device worn. There is no discussion on the books themselves. The guessing of the various devices is all that is done, and this often causes a great deal of amusement. Book-teas, as they are called, have of late become a very favorite form of entertaining in a quiet and friendly way. When a guest enters the drawing-room, she shakes hands with the hostess by whom she is received; then, if there were any one standing near whom she knew, would shake hands also with him or her, but only bow to those acquaintances who were further off. When introduced to any of the guests, she would merely bow, not shake hands with them.

Miss Jessie M., Conn.—A very pretty teagown you will find illustrated on page 10, Fig. 345, February PICTORIAL. It will be most becoming if developed of pale blue China silk with Valenciennes lace, or, if you prefer, albatross is also suitable, although warmer.

Mrs. C. S., New York.—A high-necked gown with a hat would be quite correct for a lady in mourning to wear to such an entertainment. The women who go as spectators in boxes very rarely wear full evening dress. A smart high-necked gown and a becoming hat or small bonnet is considered the proper thing. Long veil and bonnet would not be appropriate, but in mourning a less elaborate style of dress is required.

Mrs. S. H.—Your small lengths of lace would make any amount of pretty jabots and stocks. A straight band round the neck with folds of mousseline or tulle, a straight gathered piece of wide lace in front, is a style that is very much worn. So is the transparent band of lace with a wide lace jabot forming a bow on either side and ending in a point in the center of the front. Others have a bow of lace at the top and two flouncings of lace below and some are like a sailor collar. Some of the very prettiest are of knife-plaited chiffon with a quantity of frills, each edged with a ruching.

Mrs. D. S. M.—A creeping skirt for a baby fastened down the back and is made long enough to turn up under the skirts, enclosing them like a bag, and has a string run through a casing at the bottom to fasten it. Elastic may be substituted if desired. A fine gingham that is not too heavy is a suitable material for this garment.

Mrs. J. D.—Permanganate of potash is one of the simplest and best disinfectants known. It should be used in the proportion of an ounce to a pint of water, and a little placed in an open vessel will thoroughly disinfect a room.

Mrs. F. J.—To clean picture frames dampen a sponge with a little gin or alcohol and rub gently. Let this dry and then apply a thin coating of gelatine size.

Miss F. A.—Soiled jacket collars may be cleaned with naphtha, rubbing it with a clean rag. Keep away from fire or light while using it. For very delicate colors chloroform is advised as a cleaner as it will neither affect material nor color.

Miss Jennie D., Conn.—Yokes, entire gowns, cuffs, tiny jackets, vests, tight-fitting girdles and straight panels on the backs and fronts of skirts are all made of lace of different kinds. Not infrequently two or three different sorts of lace are employed in one gown. Foulard skirts with chantilly lace waists over white taffeta are much worn by the smart set.

Miss Lillie S.—A sandy blonde may wear a light shade of rose pink, but not the revived old rose shades of a crushed strawberry cast unless she wishes to look yellow and faded.

Mrs. John W., N. Y.—Hand embroidered and lace trimmed organdie blouses are the daintiest perhaps, yet not so becoming as silk and batiste.

Miss Nellie F.—To remove grass stains apply alcohol to the stains before they are washed or become dry.

Miss L. B., N. Y.—The prettiest and most serviceable gowns are of linen, in all colors. They are neither so severe as the "shirt waist gowns" nor so dressy as the organdies, but can be made pretty and becoming with embroidered collars, bands and ruffles; and as they do up nicely, they are not expensive in the long run.

Mrs. W., Kan.—The colors that will be most worn by children this season are blue, in sapphire, turquoise, porcelain, delft and periwinkle; pink, in all shades, from the delicate shell pink to old rose; reseda, leaf and sea-foam green; and lavender and yellow.

Tiny rosebuds, delicate trailing vines, small polkadots and pin-checks are good patterns for children's frocks.

Miss M. S.—Sponge the scalp nightly with the following lotion until the dandruff disappears: Toilet vinegar, three ounces; orange flower water, three ounces; glycerine, two ounces; carbolic acid, half a dram. When the scalp is quite free from scurf you may substitute for above lotion this tonic: Vinegar of cantharides, four drams; tincture of jaborandi, four drams; castor oil, two ounces; bay rum, six ounces. This should be well rubbed into the roots of the hair every night.

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KEEP WELL AND HAPPY.

WOMEN owe it to society in general, as well as to themselves, to try to keep well. The sick not only lay a special tax on those connected with them, but they are very apt to act as kill-joys to their friends, for it is difficult to have a cheerful mind linked with an unhealthy body.

It is a pleasure to be with people who are in sound health. They take such a hopeful and wholesome view of life and of things in general that they have a bracing tonic effect on those around them. As a rule, they are bright and good-natured and their abounding vitality seems to make the world in general happier.

The confirmed dyspeptic and the person who in common parlance "enjoys poor health" are, on the other hand, regular wet blankets. Their melancholy faces are enough to extinguish the pleasure of the happiest party. In the domestic circle they are regular non-conductors of genial influences. Sometimes combined with bodily woes is a mind which regards cheerfulness in others as sinful levity, which makes sick people particularly trying to the patience of their friends.

All this is plainly enough seen in the case of others, but we sometimes hardly realize the duty of health for ourselves. There is no reason for coddling, we may think, but there is also no reason for neglecting our bodies. In fact, those people who are unhealthy through their own fault or negligence are among the most grievous of social offenders.

* * *

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A girl can't help her looks, but her looks can help her.

A woman-flirt is more dangerous than a man-flirt, because she does it with more than one at a time.

Before a girl gets married she thinks a lot more about living with her husband than she does about living with the angels.

A man doesn't always know whether a woman will accept him or not, but he always knows whether he is going to get her.

If women had pockets they would probably be so full of "rats" and hairpins all the time, that they would have to carry their carfare in their mouths as they do now.

If a woman only loves a man enough, he can make her do anything she wants to.

Probably if they didn't give them a pain in the back women wouldn't be half as fond of wearing high-heeled shoes.

After a man has once told a woman that her soul was wearing out her body she goes around trying to look as if something ailed her.

A woman spends half the time wondering what the Lord thinks of her husband and the other half what the neighbors think of her.

Some kisses ought to make all the microbes in them go off and commit suicide.

It's a lot easier to make a husband out of a lover than it is to make a lover out of a husband.

It is probable that a man acquires the longing to smoke from chewing on the end of a rubber tube in a bottle.

You can order a vanilla or a chocolate eclair just as you please, but you have to take a blonde or a brunette baby just as it comes.

* * *

A MEETING.

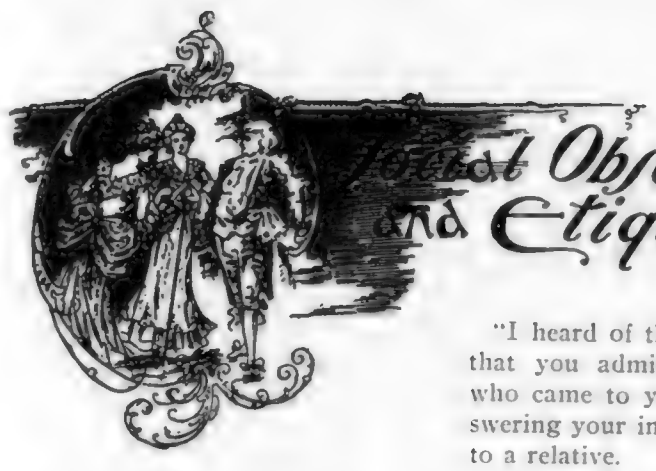
We sat at the table together,
  She cast a glance over at me;
Her face was the face of an angel—
  A face I was thankful to see;
I fell 'neath the spell of her beauty,
  Praised fortune for letting us meet,
And, blissfully dreaming, I ordered
  The things that I wanted to eat.

Her eyes were of velvety softness,
  I looked on her face and was glad,
And I felt something sweetly alluring
  In the shy, demure manner she had;
Her form was the form of a goddess,
  Her face was enchantingly fair—
I was manlier, nobler, and purer
  For sitting so close to her there.

The waiter bent over her shoulder—
  I listened, expecting to hear
Her ask for a cup of ambrosia—
  Her presence made heaven seem near!
I thought of those days on Olympus
  When goddesses banqueted there—
She ordered "some buckwheats and sausage."
  And I nearly fell out of my chair.

ATTRACTIVE DRESSES FOR MISSES AND CHILDREN.

(Described on page 15.)



SOCIETY'S PIN-PRICKS.

THERE are many mere pin-pricks received in society that should not be dignified with any notice whatever, too small even to come under the class of injuries to which it is our duty to submit with patience; but it is not everyone who can bear such pin-pricks coolly.

We do not make sufficient allowance for temperaments. What is easy for one to bear is difficult for another. Temperaments are born with the individual, while character depends upon early training and the daily effort of each individual. It is as easy for some to try to overcome evil with good, as it is for others to lie in wait for years to indulge the instinct of revenge. Some natures are like the tough India rubber, the prickly thorn, the stinging nettle; others like the sensitive mimosa, shrinking from all contact with the rough and rude. The latter never flourish nor are seen at their best except with their own species. They are never understood, even, excepting by their own kind. This is why we so often find such differing views concerning one person prevailing in a community. "Haughty, dictatorial, self-seeking, suspicious," some say; "genial, ardent, trusting, unselfish," is the opinion of others.

"You are too sensitive; you care too much what people think; you go out of your way to make explanations, you treat people as though they all had feelings as fine as your own," said a gentleman to a friend of the writer, who replied:

"It used to trouble me very much when people told me that I cared too much for the good opinion of others, but I have learned that no human being can care too much for the good opinion of his kind so long as he cares more about being worthy of it. I used to try to deaden and benumb my sensitiveness until I learned that we cannot change our original nature without spoiling it and committing spiritual suicide."

Everyone, in every walk of life, hears of acts attributed to him which it seems incredible could be believed by any one who knows him. In society, in business, in fact, in every circle there are vipers, hissing adders, venom-spitting reptiles, fostered in the hot-bed of a slander-loving, gossip-spreading community. And from them spring up, daily and hourly, evils that must be borne patiently because they are too petty to be dealt with openly.

"I heard of that excellent reproof that you administered to Miss S. who came to your ball without answering your invitation," said a lady to a relative.

"What do you mean? Do you think me capable of reproving a guest for any remissness?"

"Why, I did not look at it in that light at all. I heard you told her that you did not expect to see her, as she had not answered your invitation, and I must confess I thought she deserved the reproof."

"However much she may have deserved it, she most certainly did not receive it," was the reply.

Of such a nature are the pin-pricks that only pierce the skin. It is left for the Judases of society to cut to the heart sometimes; they who kiss while betraying, who mingle the drop of gall so subtly with the drop of honey that we know not from whence the bitterness proceeds; they who, perhaps under the guise of affectionate censure of our conduct to others awaken suspicions which were never harbored before, poisoning the sweet wells of living waters which are the sources of solace and refreshment in life.

Noble minds and loyal hearts are not able to take in the full extent of such treachery until the hour comes when the honey is exhausted and the eyes are opened to the treachery of the other. There are but few acts of any woman, worldly or unworldly, which do not bear an interpretation according to the narrowness or the breadth, the baseness or the nobleness of the mind interpreting them. An oblique moral vision, an envious, jealous disposition, and even a hasty judgment may change the color of an act as much as a bit of smoked or stained glass changes a landscape.

The harm that an envious, jealous woman can do is beyond the comprehension of the average man's mind, we say man's purposely because a woman instinctively and intuitively recognizes and realizes the perfidious intentions of those who meet her with every sign of friendship until a word or a look dropped unawares affirm the suspicions that have been lurking, perhaps weeks, perhaps months. Lives have been wrecked and happiness strewn to the winds because the word of explanation was never spoken that would have lifted the doubt, caused by just a jealous woman's remarks and insinuations.

A true woman of the world will not betray her astonishment at any violation of conventional rules, least of all will she make it her province to punish those who do violate them, but rather pass them over as springing from ignorance or thoughtlessness. It is permitted a writer to speak in the language of truth; in society we are in the constant habit of *feeling* it only for we must impose a necessary silence upon our lips. The manners of men are formed by intercourse with the world, and their character by retiring into solitude. A knowledge of the world gives richness and brilliancy to our thoughts and teaches us to make a wise and happy application of them. The powers of the human soul are more extensive than they are in general imagined to be; and he who, urged by inclination, or compelled by necessity, most frequently exerts them, will soon find that the highest felicities of which our nature is capable reside entirely within ourselves.

While we are under the protecting care of friendship and love, while their kind offices supply all our wants, and their affectionate embraces lock us eternally in their arms, we forget, in the blandishments of such a state, almost the faculty of self-motion, and lose sight of the powers within us. And, on the other hand, denied what our hearts crave, we learn, in fixing the mind upon discharging the duties of humanity, and in conquering the difficulties in our paths, that inexpressible tranquility and satisfaction which the soul feels when, contented within itself, it seeks no higher pleasure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss M., N. Y.—Your first five questions can be answered as one. It is never out of place to express appreciation of kindness shown you, whatever the enjoyment has been. The time and place of making your gratitude known matters little; it is the spirit of sincerity that will make your friend feel repaid for the effort expended in your behalf.

Mrs. L. S., Mass.—The reason, probably, why you have not been invited to any one's house is because at this season of the year people in New York do not give many entertainments, and this rule applies to people who are not specially fashionable as well as to the so-called smart set. It would not be worth while for you to invite your husband's friends until they had invited you—that is, for a little while yet. You may be so situated that you can entertain more easily than they can, in which case, after a short time has elapsed, if they call again you might give one or two informal dinners. But you will not gain anything by taking the initiative, and it is one of the cases where it is better to be patient awhile.

Any form of outdoor exercise is perfectly proper for persons in mourning. It would not be considered good taste as a rule to ask the young lady in question to go on a large bicycling party, but there is certainly no harm in your inviting her to ride with you.

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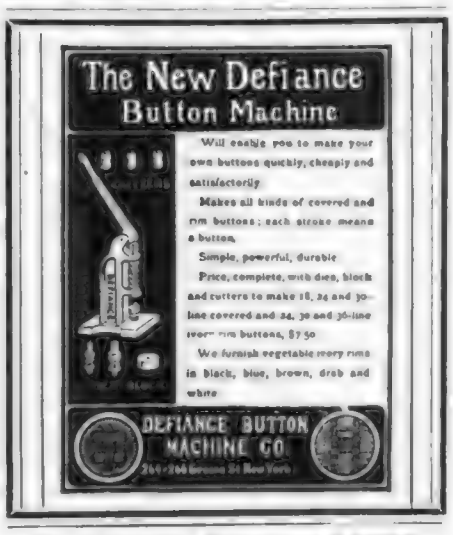
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X.—THE DUTCH.

HOLLAND is a strange land and truly deserves the name of Low Country. In the outward life of the inhabitants little expansion is visible and peace and quiet reign beneath the mild blue sky. The earth is of an astonishing fecundity, wealth and comfort fill the homes, and fortunes are opulent. The Dutch are patient and indefatigable workers, of an artistic but a little too phlegmatic and philosophical temperament. They collect odd furniture, works of art and rare *bibelots*, grow precious spices in their distant islands of the Orient and tulips in their gardens at home.

No words can express the cleanliness that marks their streets, and yet this is not to be wondered at when one discovers that even the sidewalks are scrubbed with soap. The doors and windows of the houses are very small, and it seems part of the national character not to open these doors to everyone. In fact, it is their aim to keep their circle of acquaintances as small and exclusive as possible. This is in strong contrast to other nations who are only too willing to open their doors wide and who very often leave the key to the door of their hearts lying around lose so that any one may take it.

But let us enter a Dutch home, where we are greeted by the mistress who, with a tranquil and serene smile, bids us be welcome. Even if the houses are small they amply make amends for it by being doubly comfortable. The windows have curtains of a snowy whiteness and everything is most methodical and orderly, just like the brick-laid paths in the gardens, no attractive breaks anywhere.

The drawing room is most luxuriously furnished, but the general impression one receives is that of heaviness and austerity. The furniture is very curious and odd, and a great many similar pieces may be found in the museums of Cluny and Paris. Among the bric-a-brac is much faïence, and exquisite paintings adorn the walls, while the vases and bronzes are almost priceless.

Physically the women of Holland are handsome and beautiful, but perhaps a little too much inclined to *embonpoint* for our idea of beauty. Their complexion is clear and transparent like the petal of a flower, the eyes large and luminous and their tresses abundant and glossy.

In the portrait of the young Queen of Holland, with which we are all familiar, she is represented in the characteristic national costume, which, it is said, she takes pride and pleasure in wearing. These traditions of dress survive with greater strength in some parts of Holland than in others. The island of Marken, for example, retains them with particular tenacity. Here the curious mitre-shaped cap with its band of red and black ribbon is the distinctive badge of the betrothed maiden, who, on her wedding day, dons the gorgeous gold embroidered jacket which has been worn on the same auspicious occasion by her mother and grandmother before her. The Dutch costumes are sharing the fate of the national costumes of so many other countries, and are either falling into disuse or merging into the fashion of to-day. It is not unusual to see the characteristic gold casque surmounted by a modern hat, often with the most ludicrous effect.

In the larger illustration the seated figures show the close-fitting lace caps which are to be met with in so many parts of the country. The bands of pierced gold or silver across the forehead represent the "fers" which are universally worn, but of distinctive designs and shapes in different localities. A whole chapter might be written on the head ornaments of the Netherlands. It is the custom to possess two sets of "fers," one of silver for every day use, the other of gold for festive occasions. The forehead band terminates in ornaments of different shapes, the

spirals of Dordrecht being among the most remarkable.

The quaint hood shown in the illustrations is similar to those depicted in books of national costumes and is characteristic of the village of Broeck, near Amsterdam. The child's cap is of delicate Flemish lace. The skirts in our illustrations present less voluminous proportions than those we read of in the olden days, when the financial status of a woman was supposed to be denoted by the number of her petticoats, seven being the height of her aspirations. The more usual shape of the head ornaments is that of a small flag, so poised as to be adapted to the set of the hat worn above it. The metal helmet, or casque, of Friesland has now been discarded by all but the lower orders. In the days of its glory it was frequently of gold set with jewels, but now appears in far humbler guise.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

CONDUCTED BY MLLE. PRATIQUE.

HOW TO MAKE A BATHING SUIT.

ALTHOUGH, strictly speaking, a bathing suit cannot be classed among the subjects that would interest the average dressmaker, it may be classed among items of interest of the average woman, who, although she can purchase a bathing suit ready made at very nominal cost, delights in wearing a garment whose fit is assured and in which she is certain of presenting as pretty a figure as Nature or Art can give her, considering that in the present day a garment of this

Fig. 61

kind is meant to be very much more decorative than useful. Consequently, in nine cases out of ten she prefers to have her bathing suit made, or if sufficiently adept with her needle, to make it herself.

Flannel, serge, mohair, brilliantine or silk and wool mixtures are suitable materials of which to develop the suit illustrated herewith. The trimming may be of braid or fancy gimp. To make the suit five and a quarter yards of material thirty-six inches in width are required.

After opening the material its entire width place the pattern as shown in Dia. I. Where the fabric has no up or down and is alike on both sides, it may be doubled and both parts cut out at once, but, where the fabric does not permit this, the pattern must be moved accordingly. Dia. II shows the material folded lengthwise, the front gore placed on the fold of the goods and the center of back on the selvedge. The seam in the center of back is unavoidable, but is concealed by the box plait which, at the same time gives the fashionable Norfolk effect to the waist.

The seams are joined according to the method known as the French seam, owing to the fact that nearly all waists and skirts of bathing gowns are made without lining. French seams are made in the following manner: Join a narrow seam on the right side and trim one side off closely, then crease the remaining part of the seam and stitch down flat; another kind of seam much in use is known as the French felled seam and is made as follows: Join a narrow seam on the right side and trim off closely, then turn over to the wrong side and stitch a seam of sufficient width to cover the raw edges of the first seam.

When the waist has been cut out baste the seams and sides and shoulder and try on. Next take the sleeve and join seam. The customary manner of finishing the lower edge of the sleeve is to turn up a hem which serves as casing for the elastic. Then the fulness is gathered at the top to fit the armseye and the bottom is trimmed with a gathered ruffle finished with a narrow hem, or may be left plain, completed merely with the elastic. The lower edge of the bloomers is finished in exactly the same manner as the sleeves.

It is customary to join the bloomers to the waist and not to the skirt, because it affords greater security in keeping the costume in place.

The skirt belt is always wider than that which joins the waist to the bloomers. After the skirt has been cut out the seams are joined and it is attached to the waistband, which is supplied with a sufficient quantity of buttonholes that fasten to buttons sewed on the waist in corresponding places. One button should come directly in the center of the back.

The neck of our pattern is finished with a tucked plastron and a round, deep, double collar. Both parts of this are lined with sateen and no interlining is required. Stitch the edges together, then turn inside out and stitch one or two rows around the edge to flatten it. The upper one is trimmed with fancy braid and similar trimming appears on the band that completes the sleeve.

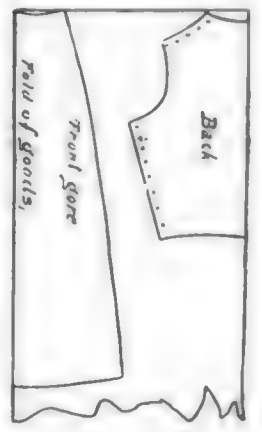
There are various methods of inserting the sleeve in the armseye, the two most in use being the following:

Place the seam in the correct position and baste in the sleeve in the armseye with the seam on the right side. Trim the edges carefully, turn to the wrong side, and, keeping the seam directly on top, stitch a seam of sufficient width to completely cover the raw edges, in short, a felled seam. The other method consists in sewing in the sleeve in the usual manner, taking an ordinary seam off both the waist and sleeve, stitching on the wrong side of the garment. Then stitch a bias strip of sateen all around the edge of the seam, turn over the latter and stitch down the remaining edge by hand. This gives a nicely bound finish to the seam and will wear better than the general quality of silk binding ribbon.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

Never piece a skirt at the top to lengthen it. If the material is too short have your lining the required length and piece the goods across the bottom, then cover this seam with trimming, using the same color as the material if the person is short. If a dark band of material is applied to the bottom of a light-hued skirt, it is certain to take its own depth from the apparent height of the wearer.

A curved fitted belt is excellent for a person whose waist line extends more or less to the front, or whose abdomen and hips are very prominent.

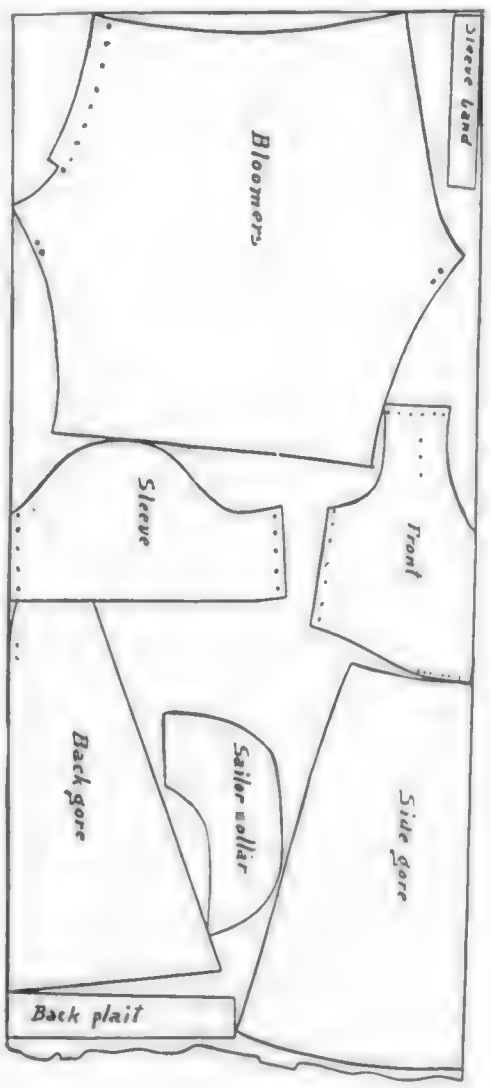


Dia. II.

The prettiest and most fashionable finish to the inside of a waist is to have it either all white or all black. Other colors should be avoided.

When sewing velvets, always have an extra piece of velvet laid with both piles turned against each other, between the forefinger of the left hand and the part you are sewing, to prevent crushing.

Always hold velvet lightly when sewing it, as grasping it too firmly will be apt to crush it, and make it look as if it were old.



Dia. I.

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

"WHEN you've 'eard the East a-calling, you won't never eed aught else," sang Kipling's traveled "Tommy;" and certainly, whether by song or story, by traveler's tale or the memory of things seen, it matters little how calls the alluring voice, the East has always exerted a potent influence over the imaginations of the West, both low and high. The perpetual mystery, the barbaric luxury and splendor, the passion for romance, and, above all, the dominant impression of infinitely remote descent and farthest reaching tradition combine to pique the interest and curiosity of we "advanced," perhaps more "civilized," but hardly more cultured dwellers in the West; and so little is generally known of Eastern palaces that the collection of photographs, taken exclusively and especially for our readers, of the interior of the Sultan's regal residence—the Yildiz Palace—will prove attractive and interesting to those who have not had the rare fortune to visit the Sultan.

One of the most gorgeous apartments is the famous reception room in the Yildiz Palace, where the Sultan receives foreign Royalties. The decoration is in European style. The massive lusters which, when sunlight floods the apartment, throw out a dazzling and iridescent glare, were presented to the Sultan by the German Emperor. The wonderful carpet, which entirely covers the floor, alone cost thousands of pounds, and the entire *salon* has been valued at a positively fabulous sum.

In the great dining-room, foreign ambassadors and state dignitaries are *fêted*. The guns, spears, flags, shields, etc., at the end of the room are arranged, it will be seen, to form the Imperial coat of arms. The Sultan does not personally attend dinners given here, but dines privately in another chamber known as the Merassin Kiosk, of which we give a photograph and which, besides being used as a dining-room, is the Sultan's favorite retreat, and serves as a smoking-divan and reception-room for personal friends. As the royal master has a horror of gas or electric light, these illuminants are never used in this cherished apartment, and are replaced entirely by candles. Legend saith that he designed a model for the wainscoting and woodwork of this room.

A very singular and interesting ceremony is that of the opening of the door of the Sultan's Treasure House. Behind this famous door lie the vast personal resources of the monarch, treasure of so fabulous extent, it is said, that nothing like it is found outside the pages of the *Arabian Nights*, unless it be in the conglomerated wealth of all the millionaires at present existing. When the Chamberlain opens the door the entire *haut personnel* of the Palace assists in the impressive ceremony.

MERASSIN KIOSK.

His Majesty the Sultan Abdul Hamid the Second, Zil Ullah, the Shadow of God, lives a life of retirement in the Palace of the Star. He lives there so permanently that he is scarcely seen outside its precincts more than twice a year, once in his religious character as Khalif, of Commander of the Faithful, to kiss the hem of the Prophet's mantle at the feast of the Hirka'i Shereef at Stamboul and once as Lord of the Two Turkeys to receive the homage of his leading servants at the "Baise-main" ceremony in the Dolma Bagtcheh Palace. His secluded existence may be compared to that of His Holiness the Pope at the Vatican. There is, however, a difference, inasmuch as the approaches to the Hamidieh Mosque are more or less thrown open to the public every Friday, there being no great difficulty in obtaining permission to view the pageant of the Selamlik. This is a most gorgeous and interesting spectacle, with banners flying and music playing, which no visitor should ever lose a chance of witnessing.

THE GRAND DINING-ROOM.

THE APPLE OF PARIS

USEFUL HINTS.

REST is absolutely necessary to one and all, and eight hours will not be found too much to keep one young and healthy. "Sleep is nature's sweet restorer," and especially should one or two hours be taken before twelve, and which is said to be beauty sleep, for the simple reason that sleep taken before twelve is always more natural and restful to the brain and body, thereby refreshing one more.

Another very essential thing for health and beautv is pure air, therefore too much attention cannot be given to the ventilation of both sleeping and living rooms, as well as to one's clothing, which should from time to time be hung out in the air to freshen and sweeten; while garments worn next to the skin during the day should always be removed before going to rest.

No one should be in the open air less than two hours a day, and all should take breathing exercise to expand the chest and strengthen the lungs. Place the hands on the hips, the head erect, the chest thrown well forward, the arms and shoulders well back. then take long, full, slow breaths for five or ten minutes at a time, and repeat several times a day, if possible. Breathe deeply in the open air, walk and stand erectly with the shoulders well back. This will expand the chest, develop the figure, oxygenate the blood and also give a graceful carriage. Never let there be any pressure or undue heat on the chest, and do not squeeze the waist in, but let its size be in due proportion to the size of the bust and hips.

To improve the figure and complexion take a glass of milk and an egg every morning. and upon retiring take a glass of milk to nourish the system during the hours of sleep. Take all the nourishing diet possible, such as brown bread, milk puddings, milk, eggs, meat, soup, good beef tea, stout, and cocoa. Avoid tea and coffee. which are exciting and bad for the system, as well as laying the foundation for a bad complexion.

Use brown bread, new potatoes, turnips, onions, oatmeal, apples, rhubarb, gooseberries, stewed prunes, honey, oranges, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, raisins, figs, prunes, dates, tamarinds, salad oil, cider, stout, mineral waters and ale; therefore any of these are suited to those suffering from constipation, which is fatal to a good complexion.

The lemon is invaluable for its medicinal properties. For inactivity of the liver it is without equal. Take night and morning the juice of half a lemon in a glass of hot water. It will disperse headache, improve appetite, stimulate the digestive organs, and for bilious temperaments is much to be recommended.

Lemon rind, steeped in water jugs, renders the water so refreshing and beneficial for bathing purposes, acting as a tonic to the skin.

The juice of half a lemon. added to a teacupful of black coffee (no sugar), is excellent for a sick headache.

Lemon juice is also good for rheumatism, and is excellent as a medicine, if taken fasting.

Lemon juice and salt will remove ordinary iron-rust spots; and where the hands are stained there is nothing like lemon juice to clean them.

Lemon juice and sugar, mixed to a paste-like consistency, is good for sore throats and coughs.

A simple facial massage to follow the face-bath every night consumes but a few minutes' time and should be an essential part of the night toilet of every woman who sees disagreeable lines encroaching.

Dip the tips of the fingers in the cold cream skin-food. or favorite emollient, and go all over the face and throat with light strokes. It is best to be systematic about it, so make from six to a dozen strokes (more, if you choose) in each place.

Begin at the forehead; make the strokes with the tips of the fingers of each hand in succession up to the roots of the hair. Next, from the middle of the forehead outward. The rotary movements previously given may also be employed with benefit.

Now, with the tips of the fingers lightly anointed, go across the "crow's feet" at the outer corner of the eyes back toward the hair. Close the eyes, and, with the tip of the middle fingers, beginning at the nose, work out, over the top of the eyes, and back underneath the eyes to the nose. Carry out any surplus flesh at the inner corner of the eye so as not to make a wrinkle.

This movement gives a beneficial eye-massage at the same time, and tends to keep the eyes full and round.

Then, placing the thumbs in front of each ear, stroke the cheeks upward and backward with the four fingers, counting the number of times you have decided upon.

Rub the throat backward with the thumbs, placing the four fingers back of each ear, if you do the work yourself. If another does it for you, she will stand back of you and use her finger-tips for the throat movements.

For lines on the neck, rub across them and downward. Place two fingers back of each ear. where there is usually a depression, and execute a sort of rotary movement, to strengthen the muscles, which, by relaxing, have allowed the throat to become flabby.

With this daily treatment the dead cuticle is constantly thrown off, the hard, fixed lines are moved, softened and gradually brought to the surface; fine lines imperceptibly melt away and new wrinkles find no place for lodgment. With increased circulation and nutrition, the adipose tissue beneath forms new fat cells, and slow, may be, but sure returning beauty follows day by day.

* * *

ODDS AND ENDS.

Elder Flower Water.—This is a capital wash for sunburn and freckles used several times a day. It is unually distilled from the flowers, separated from the stalks, but it may be more simply prepared as follows: To half an ounce of the flowers add one quart of boiling water. Infuse for one hour and strain. If it is to be kept a little brandy or spirits of wine may be added, about a tablespoonful will be enough, a little applied to the face after exposure to the sun will immediately allay the heat and smarting.

Application for Sunburn.—A good lotion to be applied to the face and hands after exposure to the sun, is one pint of buttermilk in which one ounce of freshly scraped horseradish has been steeped for two hours.

Rosemary Wash.—A simple decoction of these flowers in the proportion of one handful to one pint of boiling water will make a useful hair-wash. Add half wineglassful of rum and a few drops of Rosemary oil.

Good Lavender Water.—Shake up three or four drops of lavender oil with one pint of rectified spirits of wine, and to this add one ounce each of orange-flower water and rose water, three drachms of essence of musk and four ounces of distilled water.

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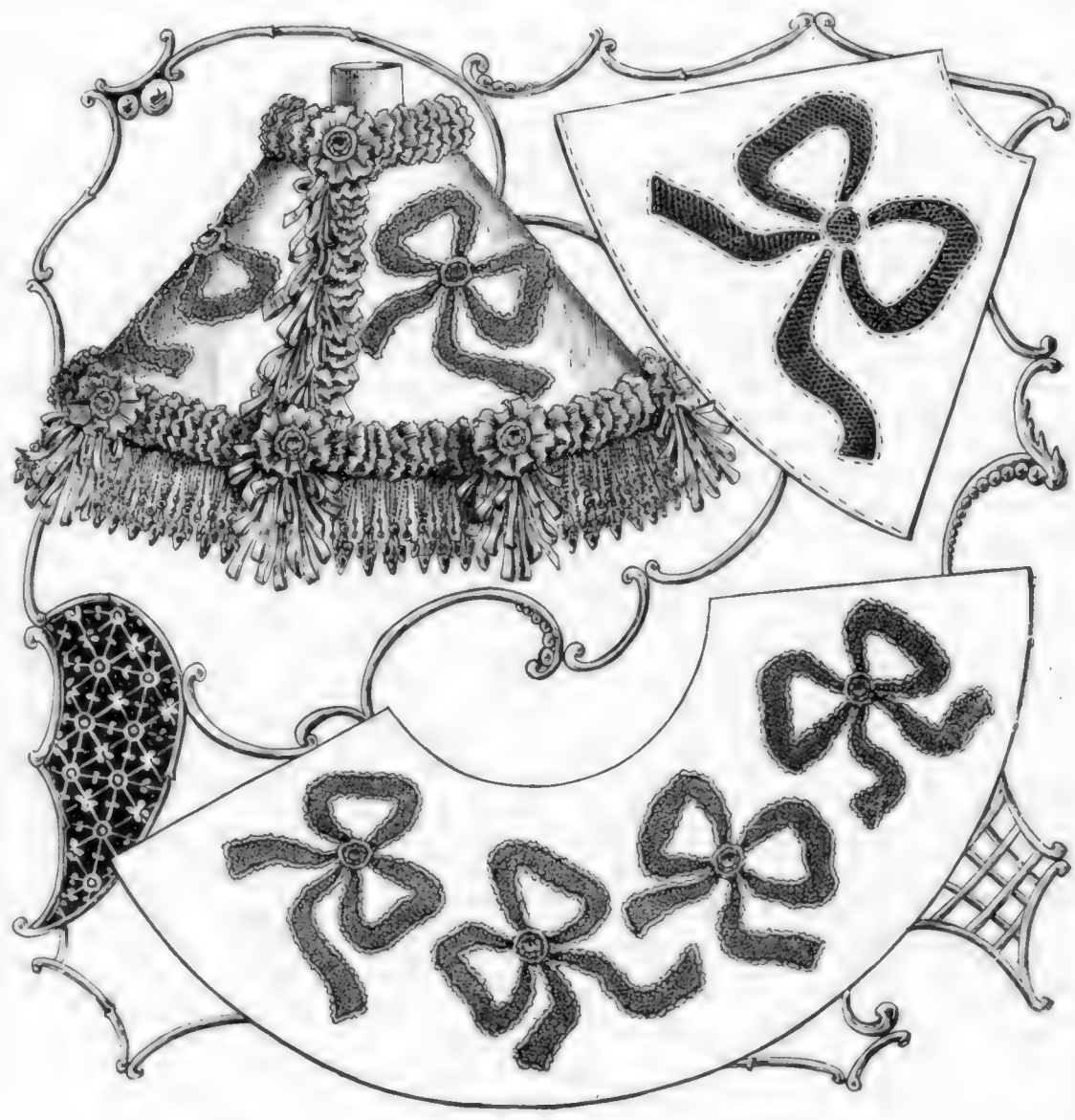
A NOVEL IDEA FOR A LAMP SHADE.

TO be deft-fingered is to be the possessor of an enviable gift not altogether easy to define. Sometimes it evidences itself in the working of beautiful embroideries, at others in the execution of delicate plain sewing or in that of some artistic handicraft. In each of these cases it is developed, if not implanted, by careful training and much practice. It is to the deft-fingered that the extremely pretty jeweled lamp shade in the accompanying sketch will probably commend itself, as the embodiment of an idea to be appropriated and amplified in a variety of forms to suit the fancy or the requirements of the worker. It is not difficult in itself to fashion, but requires considerable neatness in handling and precision in working if it is to be thoroughly successful. The jewels are represented by colored beads, sewn on a transparent foundation of white net; and here it must be impressed on the maker that everything depends on the careful selection of these beads, for it is not every kind through which the light will shine with jeweled effect. Perfectly transparent colored beads will show up as a dark heavy mass. Ordinary sequins and paillettes will glitter provided there is some other light in the room to fall upon them externally, but will prove a woful disappointment if it is expected of them to do duty as a medium through which the light is to pass. Another point brought out by experiments in the work is that it will be found better to select a design in which shading or blending of colors will be necessary, as this only serves to cause confusion. Two or more distinct colors may be used, but the merging of one into another should be avoided. The beads used for the lamp shade illustrated were of a rich ruby tint, slightly clouded. The *à jour* design of French bows was carried out entirely in these, the fringe being of the same, interspersed with semi-opaque ruby drops and sequins. A description in detail of the method of carrying out the work will be the best means of rendering the illustration of use. The materials required are a piece of very stiff white buckram, another of white Brussels net of medium texture, some thin white China or pongee silk, and a bébé ruching of white or colored ribbon. Having decided on the size of your shade, cut it out in the buckram in the circular form shown in the lower section of the sketch. Trace the design upon it clearly in pencil, and with a sharp penknife cut away the buckram from the inside of the bows. Now cover the shade with net, tacking down the latter with small stitches at the top and bottom and all round the edges of the design, as illustrated in the upper section, where the treatment of a single bow at this stage of the work is shown. Take care that the stitches are set close to the edge, or they will show when the shade is completed. After this, cover the outside with the silk, tacking it down everywhere with large, firm stitches. Hold the shade up to the light, and cut away the silk from the open design so that the net forms a transparency, leaving sufficient silk for turnings; turn it down with the point of the needle, and hem it finely to the net all round the bows, but do not sew it to the buckram, as this will not hold the stitches at the edge. Take out the tackings from the silk, which must have been left with a wide margin for turning down along the top and bottom of the shade. Now proceed to bead the pattern. Sew a large jewel in the center of each bow. Having finished the beading, sew the bébé ruching very closely and neatly all round the design, hiding the stitches which fastened the net and the silk to the buckram. Turn the silk down over the edges of the shade at the top and bottom and down the sides, and sew a strong silk-covered wire along the bottom and top. Add a white silk lining in the same way as you arranged the silk on the outside, leaving wide edges to hem down above and below. Join the shade round, sewing the sides strongly together, and felling the lining neatly down the seam. Sew a wide, full ruche of silk or chiffon (the latter is lighter and prettier in effect, though not perhaps quite as durable as silk) round the top and lower edge of the shade, and down the side to cover the join. The latter may be further embellished with close-set loops of bébé ribbon, these being also set in tufts, at intervals, along the edge, finished with choux of chiffon, each having a jewel in the center. When the ruche is sewn on, make all neat by hemming down the silk lining at top and bottom to cover the stitches, and your shade will be complete, and extremely effective, if the directions have been carefully followed. The illustration and directions are given chiefly by way of suggestion, as a variety of adaptations of the work will doubtless suggest themselves after the first experiment. Candle shades or shades for electric light will lend themselves successfully to this jeweled treatment, which can, of course, be adapted equally well to the fashionable straight round shades, divided into separate sections by rows of ruching following the lines of the wire frame, to candle or hand screens, and to many another ornamental application.

Personal fancy can be exercised in a variety of ways to evolve dainty little articles for boudoir or sitting room.

Frenchwomen, who are, as a rule, essentially feminine in their tastes, have always been extremely fond of needlework and embroidery of all kinds. One notices this at every French resort, either Summer or Winter, where women are seen sitting in the Casino and on the sands with their pieces of embroidery in their hands; while the English visitors nearly always have a book, or are sitting looking on with idle hands. A great many needlework novelties have lately been brought to the notice of Parisians. Bags to hang on one arm are made with exquisitely fine embroidery. Lamp-shades with embroidered hangings, book-covers with old-fashioned work on them, scrap baskets, fans, blotting-books, candle-shades—in fact, numerous objects in use in a house can be thus adorned. Nowhere can such beautiful ideas and designs be found for all these things as in Paris.



The House Wife

SUGGESTIONS FOR OUTDOOR LUNCHEONS.

COMPANY dinners, with their long courses and atmosphere of stiff formality, have given place, now that the Summer days have come, to the outdoor luncheons where a touch of originality counts more in entertaining one's guests than the most elaborate and expensively prepared menu of the Winter dinner.

A beach luncheon is something new. One, which had a right to glory in its originality, was given the other day at the nucleus of a Summer resort on the Sound. There were eight guests, and the two tables at which they were seated stood on the beach under a tent of pale green canvas. The sides of the tent were caught back with silvered ropes tied in a sailor's knot. Each table was covered with a damask cloth in the seashell design, and the menu savored of the products of the sea. The napkins were folded to represent a boat and carried as a cargo the fragrant, delicately tinted pond lily.

In place of the conventional hostess' cloth a band of carefully washed seaweed was used. It was glossy and made a prettier decoration to the table than one would think. In the center of each table was a cut-glass rowboat, perfect in every detail, even to the silver oars, which were fastened to diminutive oarlocks. The rowboats were overladen with pond lilies.

At each guest's plate was a menu card made of water-color paper, each one cut in the shape of different shells. They were painted in the various sea-shell tints, and the menu was written in silver, in the part which represented the hollow of the shell. The souvenirs of the luncheon were scarf pins, four were of pearls representing a diminutive sea gull, the others were white enamel ships with jeweled sails. As all the guests had on a four-in-hand necktie, the souvenirs were put into immediate use.

Elaborate costumes were not a feature of the luncheon. Each guest was attired in a yachting suit. The effect of the bright-colored suits under the tent, the merry laughter, mingling with the flash and roar of the waves as they beat against the shore, did much toward the success of the luncheon. As for appetites, it was simply astonishing with what rapidity those crabs and lobsters disappeared.

Outdoor luncheons are quite a fad of the season. They are given on the lawn and are protected from too penetrating rays of the sun by fancy canopies and awnings. These lawn luncheons are, many of them, quite unique. A butterfly lunch was given up the Hudson recently and was served under a canopy formed by a huge butterfly, and the butterfly design was used throughout the entire lunch, the souvenirs being tiny enameled butterfly pins.

* * *

COOLING SUMMER BEVERAGES.

With the beginning of warm weather the cooling drink is in immediate demand. It is a welcome addition to every variety of Summer entertainment. Served with a wafer or two the following homemade drinks will be found most refreshing:

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Take three quarts of raspberries and one quart vinegar. Let stand in stone jar two or three days, mashing thoroughly. Strain, and to every pint of syrup add one pound of white sugar. Put in cool place, stirring frequently. When the sugar is thoroughly dissolved strain and bottle. No cooking is required; it destroys the fruit flavor. For use mix in a glass with ice water according to taste.

ORANGE DRINK.—Use ripe, thin-skinned oranges. Squeeze the juice through a sieve. To every pint of juice add one and one-half pounds of sugar. Boil and skim as long as scum rises, then take it off and bottle. A little of this in a glass of ice-water makes a delicious, wholesome drink.

NECTAR.—Take one pound of chopped raisins and two pounds of loaf sugar and place them in a pot. Pour one gallon of boiling water upon them. The next day, when it is cold, slice one lemon into it. Let it stand five days, stirring it twice a day. Then let it stand five days more to clear. Bottle it, put it into a cold cellar for ten days, and it will then be fit to drink.

APOLLINARIS LEMONADE. — Use one-half a lemon for each glass. Squeeze the lemon juice on loaf sugar and mix with apollinaris water. A teaspoonful of powdered sugar to each glass.

PINEAPPLE BEVERAGE.—One-half pint of grated pineapple, one pint of lemon juice, two sliced lemons, two sliced oranges and two and one-half gallons of water. Serve with spoons, so the fruit may be eaten if desired.

IMPERIAL.—Take half an ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce and a half fresh lemon peel and one quart and a half boiling water. Let the whole stand in a close vessel until cold; then pour off clear. This makes a cooling beverage in hot weather and in fevers.

CHERRY BOUNCE.—Stone the cherries and put them in a jar. Place the jar in a pot of boiling water. Set it on the fire and let the water boil around the cherries until the juice is extracted. Then strain the juice, and to one-half a gallon add two pounds of sugar. Put it in a kettle and let it boil until all the skum is taken off. Add a few whole spices, and just before bottling add two pints of brandy and half a pint of rum to each half gallon of the juice.

ORANGEADE.—One lemon to every three oranges, and sweeten with powdered sugar.

EGG NOG.—Break one dozen fresh eggs separately. After the yolks are beaten light add a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and beat until the sugar is smoothly mixed with the egg. Then add twelve tablespoonfuls of good whisky. After this is thoroughly mixed with the egg put in twenty tablespoonfuls of rich cream. When it is all well mixed add the whites, beaten stiff, and mix again thoroughly. This quantity will serve six persons.

FRUIT BEVERAGE.—Mix together two cupfuls of sugar with one pint of the juice of strawberries, one-half cupful of orange juice, one-half cupful of lemon juice and some grated pineapple. Add the water and ice and serve.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—Add one pound of white sugar to three pounds of berries. Let them stand all night (twelve hours), then press out the juice, straining it. Add one-third quantity of best brandy. Put one teaspoonful of powdered allspice and one teaspoonful powdered cinnamon into every quart of the cordial. It is fit for use at once.

REFRESHING DRINK.—To the juice of half a lemon in a glass two-thirds full of water add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda and sweeten.

RUSSIAN TEA.—Into each cup of tea put a lump of sugar and a slice of lemon. Ice and serve. It spoils the flavor to have the lemon squeezed in the tea.

SODA WATER.—Dissolve six drams of dried carbonate of soda in a quart bottle of water and four and one-half drams of tartaric acid in another bottle of the same size. Pour out a wineglassful from each bottle and throw them at the same time into a tumbler, when it will immediately effervesce.

SHERRY COBBLER.—Fill a glass with broken ice, pour over it sherry, with a tablespoonful of sugar and a little lemon peel. Stir thoroughly.

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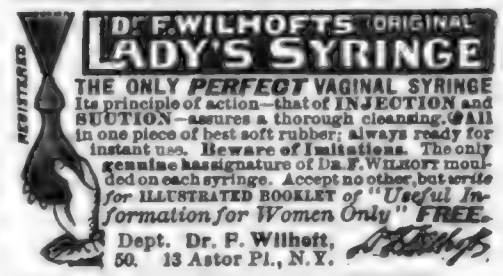
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A PLAIN TALE.

"NO doubt you are all very wicked and amusing," said Mrs. Gorhambury, "but what I want is the true story."

I am sorry to have to begin the conversation at this point. The fact is, it had not struck me till then that we had been amusing or even wicked and so I paid no particular attention.

"The true story! Haven't you heard?" went up a chorus.

"Only a clatter of tongues. Who'll tell it?"

We all wanted to, but Johnny had the right to begin. We were sorry that the task was in such feeble hands, but, after all, right is right.

"It all happened in the space of two hours," began Johnny, solemnly.

"Johnny," I remarked, "you are not only dramatic, but you preserve the unities."

"What the deuce ——?"

"Oh, go on, Johnny!" commanded Diana. Johnny likes being called Johnny by Diana—she only does it to annoy me—and so he went on with a worthy solemnity.

"On Tuesday I was lunching at the Urquharts."

"It's generally after dinner that you meet with your strange experiences, isn't it, Johnny?" I asked. I couldn't help it: Di is so annoying.

"I say, look here, you know; if a fellow can't tell his own tale his own way——" remonstrated Johnny.

"Don't listen to him," said Di. "He's jealous." I was. "I mean of your way of telling stories," she added. I was not.

"Oh, all right," said Johnny, magnanimously. "Well, I was lunching at the Urquharts, and Mrs. Urquhart was saying that Society was getting mixed."

"She says it every day," sighed Mrs. Gorhambury. "I'm so tired of her mixing. I wish she would remember what they say of salads, a very little vinegar and as much as you like of oil."

"Then she mentioned the Vanstons, you know. Drew was there, of course—it was a week after his engagement to Muriel Urquhart—and he used to be awfully thick with the Vanstons, don't you see?"

"I thought some friend of the Vanstons must have been there," said Di, "otherwise Mrs. Urquhart wouldn't have brought the Vanstons into her 'mixing.'"

"Who did you say was engaged to whom?" said Mrs. Gorhambury.

"Drew was engaged to Muriel Urquhart; they're not now——" explained Johnny, with characteristic grammar.

"Stop!" we pleaded. "That's the story. Go on."

"Well, Muriel is rather a straight-backed one, you know, so she turned to Drew and said, 'They're friends of yours, aren't they?' and Drew said they were—rather."

"Mrs. Vanston was—rather," said Di.

"My dear Diana," said Mrs. Gorhambury plaintively, "I do so wish you wouldn't talk like that. The young girls of the present day——"

"Oh, please!" pleaded Di. "I know we are unspeakable."

"And therefore a fruitful topic of conversation," I added.

Mrs. Gorhambury contented herself with saying that she didn't know what things were coming to, and Johnny was allowed to proceed.

"Muriel, you know, has her knife into her mother. They never did hit it."

"The color of the daughter's hair is too flat a contradiction of the mother's," said Di.

"So she said, 'We'll call there this afternoon and tell them of the engagement,' and Drew looked as though he didn't fancy it. 'You certainly shan't,' said the mother; and when Muriel was going to say as usual, 'I certainly shall,' Drew cut in with, 'If your mother wishes you not to' in a sort of a tone of voice—well, I can't stand Drew!

"'Then I won't go inside, but we'll drive there and you shall go in,' said Muriel, and she says things so deuced plain."

"No, wasn't it?" asked Diana innocently. Muriel was one of Johnny's romances and I really thought it was rather rough even on him.

"I think she must have heard something that gave her an inkling," he went on.

"An inkling of what?" asked Mrs. Gorhambury.

"Well—er—, oh, look here, you tell the tale. You wanted to, you know," said Johnny, fixing on me, because he's shy and I'm not.

The tale had to be told. I deplored Mrs. Gorhambury's curiosity, but respected her demands. Besides, it's an effective dénouement.

"Vanston," I said, "is one of the best men living. He is kind, thoughtful, uselfish, and—er—indulgent. He is a most excellent husband."

"Well?" said Mrs. Gorhambury.

"He is one of those men," I continued, "who would let you take the watch out of his pocket. He is——"

"What on earth has Mr. Vanston to do with it?" asked Di, impatiently.

"I was merely describing him," I said, "so that you might form an estimate of his wife. It is a curious fact that an excellent husband is the invariable complement of a discontented wife. Mrs. Vanston was discontented and liked to supply the deficiencies she imagined to exist in her husband from outside sources."

"You mean, she liked a tame cat," said Di.

"Well—er—oh, yes, that is what I meant," I said. Of course, I meant that. Why be censorious? "I always used to meet Drew there."

"Then you used to go there often, too?" asked Di.

"I do now," I replied. "You forget that I also am a little 'mixed.'"

"You're getting mixed, anyway," said Johnny rudely.

"Then you finish the story," I said, a little huffed. Sheer imbecility seems to make some girls laugh.

"So off they drove after luncheon, and Muriel sent Drew in and waited outside in the carriage," said Johnny, plunging in medias res; "and after a bit she looked up and saw Drew and Mrs. Vanston standing together at the window, looking as though it had been pretty rough going."

"As, no doubt, it had been," I thought, for I knew Mrs. Vanston.

"And then suddenly," said Johnny, blushing furiously, "she put her arms round his neck and kissed him."

"What!" gasped Mrs. Gorhambury.

"Kissed him, you know," said Johnny, apologetically.

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Gorhambury.

"I wonder what he can mean?" added Diana innocently.

"It's quite clear. Mrs. Vanston kissed Drew before his fiancée's eyes. I thought it my duty to explain. Mrs. Vanston had allowed herself to become very fond of Drew. He's just one of the men that women do like. No, Mrs. Gorhambury, I'm not talking against the sex. I admire its simplicity, its way of putting on ignorance as though it were a garment."

"Thank you," said Di, with that little grimace she makes.

"Oh, I think he means it kindly," said Johnny.

"She saw that he was lost to her, unless she made a desperate effort to save him for herself. The method was the result of circumstances and strained nerves."

"No lady could have done such a thing," said Mrs. Gorhambury severely.

"I believe at the moment she was merely a woman," I said. "There was something very noble about it."

"The things you say are ridiculous," said Di.

"And almost wrong," added Mrs. Gorhambury.

It is not for me to deny the truth of either accusation.

MAN JUDGED BY HIMSELF.

Man is the wonder of nature.—Plato.

Man is the little world.—Zoroaster.

Man is the measure of all things.—Protagoras.

Man is a sample of the universe.—Theophrastus.

Man is the great wonder.—Hermes Trismegistus.

Man is an epitome of the world.—Pliny.

Man is the soul using the body as an instrument.—Procius.

Man, the image of God's personality.—Bronson Alcott.

Man! thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—Lord Byron.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Mencius.

Man is an imitative creature, and whoever is foremost leads the herd.—Schiller.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God.—Longfellow.

Of all animals which fly in the air, walk on the ground or swim in the sea, the most foolish is man.—Boileau.

Men were gay deceivers ever.—Shakespeare.

Most men employ the first part of their lives to make the last part miserable.—La Bruyere.

The most unhappy of all men is he who believes himself to be so.—Henry Home.

He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.—Swift.

Infinite is the help man can yield to man.—Carlyle.

All men commend patience, though few be willing to practice it.—Thomas Kempis.

No man knows any more except himself whom he judges fit to set free from the coercion of laws and to be abandoned entirely to his own choice.—Johnson.

The real character of man is found out by his amusements.—Sir Joseph Reynolds.

Young men think old men fools, but old men know young men are fools.—George Chapman.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
—Young.

Certainly the greatest scholars are not the wisest men.—Regnier.

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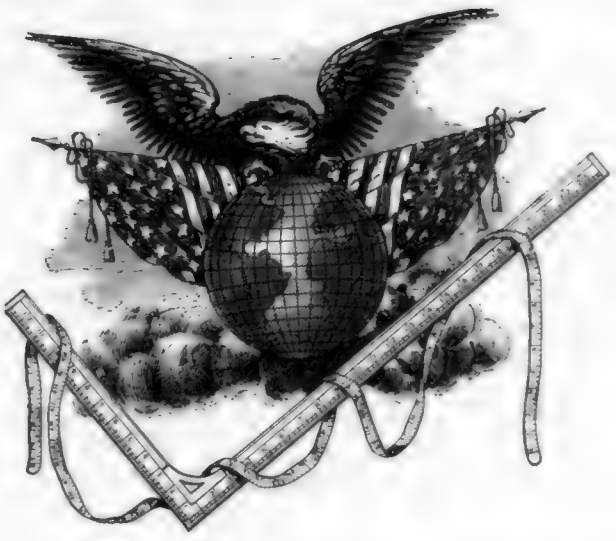

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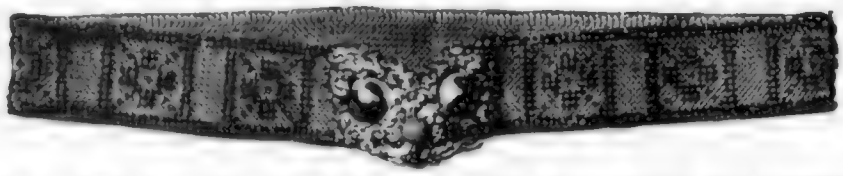


No. 112.—**Belt,** gold braid, blue metal beads. Gold buckle studded with turquoises. Free for THREE subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

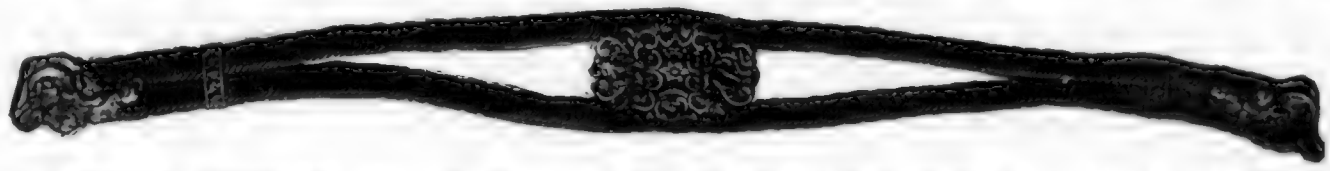
No. 123.—**Belt,** black webbing, gold beads. Gold buckle with coral. Free for THREE subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

No. 111.—**Belt,** gold braid, dark-blue metal beads. Gold buckle with turquoises. Free for THREE subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

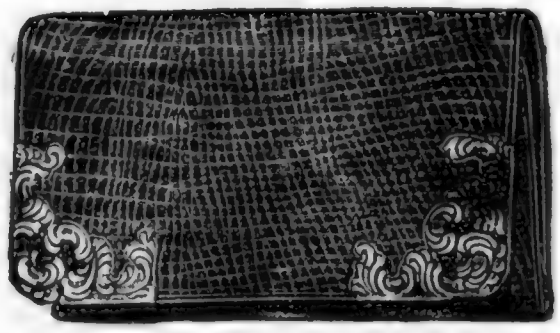
No. 116.—**Belt,** gold braid, iridescent dark-blue metal beads. Handsome gold buckle. Free for THREE subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

No. 121.—**Belt,** silver braid, gold beads. Handsome gold buckle. Free for FOUR subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

No. 114.—**Belt,** silver braid, gold beads. Buckle in snake design with turquoises. Free for FOUR subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.



Handsome Aluminum Belt, with slides, buckle and clasp. Free for FIVE subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

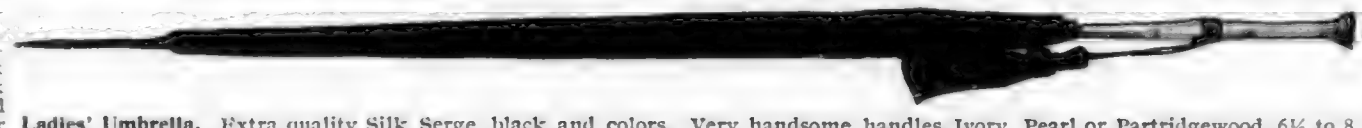


Sterling Silver Mounted Lizard Pocket Book. Free for TEN subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

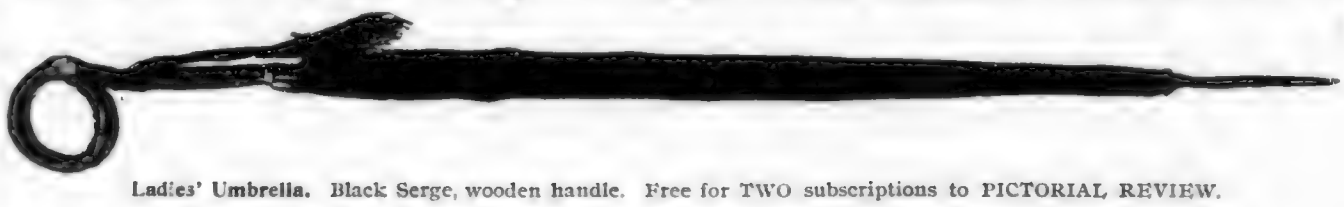
India Seat. Any wood desired. Free for THREE subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Gentlemen's Umbrella. Black Serge, wood handle. Free for TWO subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Another style of handle. Ivory, Pearl or Partridgewood, for silk serge umbrella, black and all colors, rolled gold knob or silver trimmings. Free for TEN subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.



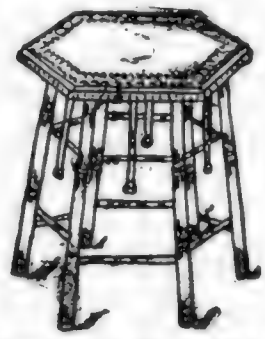
Ladies' Umbrella. Extra quality Silk Serge, black and colors. Very handsome handles. Ivory, Pearl or Partridgewood, 6½ to 8 inches long, with rolled gold knob or sterling silver trimming. Free for TEN subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.



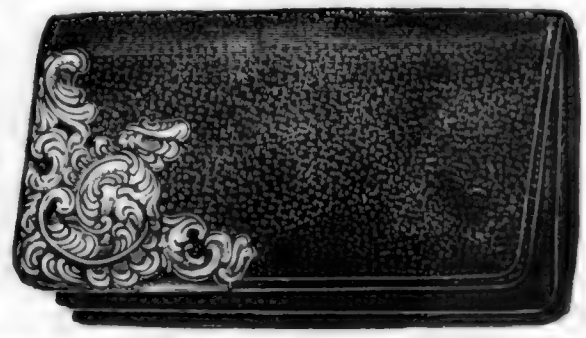
Ladies' Umbrella. Black Serge, wooden handle. Free for TWO subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Ladies' Umbrella. Silk and cotton mixed, hardwood handles. Can be had in all colors. Free for EIGHT subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Ladies' Umbrella. Black Union Taffeta Silk, wooden handle with silver trimmings. Free for FOUR subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.



Bamboo Stool. Free for THREE subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.



Sterling Silver Mounted Seal Pocketbook. Free for FOUR subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Sterling Silver Handled Button Hook. Free for ONE subscription to PICTORIAL REVIEW.

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Pictorial Review.

JULY, 1901.

An Illustrated Fashion and Family Magazine.

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Flannel Waists
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Skirts
Four Pages of Attractive Styles for Girls

JUN 20 1901

PARIS, MAY 14, 1901.

TO THE McDOWELL SCHOOL,
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

LAST FRIDAY I WENT TO PAQUIN'S, WHERE THEY SHOWED US THE BOAS WHICH ARE TO BE WORN THIS SUMMER. THEY WERE MADE OF SILK PIECES THAT LOOK LIKE VERY *LARGE* ROSE PETALS. THESE IMMENSE PETALS WERE FASTENED TO A CORD 2½ OR 3 YARDS LONG. THEY ARE VERY FULL AND LOOK VERY PRETTY. THEY COME SHADED AND IN PLAIN COLORS. THEY ARE SOLD FROM 175 TO 300 FRANCS, OR FROM $35 TO $60. LAST OF ALL WE CAME TO THE DRESSES. PAQUIN HAS ABOUT EIGHT YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE MODELS. THEY TRY ON THE DIFFERENT GOWNS AND WALK AROUND, SO THAT YOU CAN SEE HOW THEY LOOK. THESE DRESSES ARE SAMPLES AND ARE NOT SOLD, BUT YOU ORDER FROM THEM. IN ALL, I SAW ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE OR THIRTY SWELL GOWNS. MY FRIEND, WHO IS A VERY POPULAR ACTRESS, LEFT THEM AN ORDER FOR TWO DRESSES THAT COST 3600 FRANCS, OR $720.00, SO THEY WERE VERY KIND AND WENT TO A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE FOR US.

TO BEGIN WITH, THE SLEEVES ARE VERY FANCY, EVEN IN CLOTH. ALL ARE DOUBLE AND TRIMMED MOSTLY JUST ABOVE THE CUFF. THE WAISTS ARE MADE IN JACKET EFFECTS, EVEN IN SILK AND THIN MATERIALS; A GREAT MANY SHORT ETON EFFECTS ARE SEEN AND CRUSHED BELTS WITH ENDS KNOTTED IN THE BACK THAT HANG DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SKIRT. THESE WAISTS ARE WORN INSIDE THE SKIRT AND THE CRUSHED BELTS OF SILK ARE SEWED ON THE SKIRTS, WHICH ARE CUT OR SHAPED OUT AT THE WAIST IN FRONT SO AS TO GIVE THE LONG FRONT. THESE SKIRTS ARE KEPT DOWN IN FRONT ON STOUT PEOPLE BY A HOOK SEWED ON THE WAIST OR A FANCY PIN. THE SKIRTS OF THIN MATERIALS ARE MADE VERY FULL. ABOUT FOUR INCHES IN FRONT IS PLAIN; FROM THERE ON, ALL THE WAY TO THE BACK, THE MATERIAL IS LAID IN ½ IN. TUCKS GOING TOWARD THE BACK. THERE IS NO OTHER FULLNESS AND IT HAS THE APPEARANCE OF A HABIT BACK. THESE TUCKS ARE SEWED BY HAND ABOUT TWENTY INCHES BELOW THE WAIST—FROM THERE ON THEY HANG LOOSE. IT IS VERY PRETTY, AS IT MAKES THE SKIRT VERY FULL AROUND THE FEET. THESE SKIRTS ARE MADE OVER A FOUNDATION OF SILK OF THE SAME COLOR, WITH LOTS OF TRIMMING AT THE BOTTOM. THE OVERSKIRTS ARE FINISHED AT THE BOTTOM BY A 2-INCH HEM WITH SMALL TUCKS, OR LACE INSERTION, OR BOTH. MOST OF THESE SKIRTS ARE THREE PIECE, OR CIRCULAR. IN CLOTHS AND WOOLENS A GREAT MANY CIRCULAR FLOUNCES AND RUFFLES ARE WORN, BUT ALL MADE UP WITHOUT LINING, TO BE WORN OVER A TRIMMED DROP SKIRT.

VERY LITTLE STIFFENING IS USED IN CLOTHS AND NONE IN THIN MATERIALS, BECAUSE THESE FANCY DROP SKIRTS MAKE THE SKIRTS STAND OUT ENOUGH.

I SEE THE PRINCIPAL TRIMMINGS ARE LACE, VELVET RIBBON, SILK EMBROIDERY OF FLOWERS AND LEAVES, AND TAFFETA SATIN. VERY LITTLE PLAITING ON THE OVERSKIRTS IS SEEN. I WILL SEND YOU AT ONCE EVERY NEW PATTERN I SEE BECAUSE OFTEN THE STYLES THAT ARE POPULAR AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON ARE NOT STYLISH A LITTLE LATER.

TO-MORROW I AM GOING TO THE OTHER BIG DRESSMAKERS, BUT PAQUIN IS CONSIDERED THE BEST HERE. THE DRESSMAKERS WHO ARE GOOD GET BETTER PRICES HERE THAN IN AMERICA. I HAVE NOT SEEN ANYTHING SWELL UNDER 500 FRANCS, AND FROM THAT UP TO 5000 FRANCS.

YOURS,

MARY J. LYNN.

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Acknowledged the World Over to be the Best, even in Paris, the Centre of Fashion. Read the following letter:

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Congratulating you on your success, I am,

Yours truly,

John A. McGibbons

Director of Exploitation.

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As the leading method in this country for cutting and making stylish, graceful and perfect fitting garments of all kinds, the McDowell Garment Drafting Machine is universally admitted to furnish the most simple, the most rapid and the most accurate method for Dresscutting ever invented, and its SUCCESS HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED.

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